



Volume VIII
Number XI

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY

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ESTABLISHED 1921—Entered as second-class matter December 28, 1921, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. ROSE WALDO, Editor; F. L. McNALLY, Managing Editor and Business Manager; MARJORIE BARROWS, Associate Editor; E. EVALYN GRUMBINE, Advertising Manager; ANTHONY R. GOULD, Circulation Manager.

TERMS: To the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; single copies 35 cents. Other foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.

Change of address should be received not later than the first of the preceding month and should give the old as well as the new address.

Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations.

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NEW YORK



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My book friends gather close to me.
If playmates ever seem unkind
I go to my book friends and find
A poem, story or a song
That makes me happy all day long.
Although the old friends are so dear
I find some new ones every year.
And it is splendid fun, you know,
To watch my book friends' circle grow.

Rose Waldo editor







WE ARE THANKFUL

ROSE WALDO

WE'RE thankful, Father, as can be
That our great land of liberty
Has set aside a special day
For everyone to meet and pray
Their prayers of joy and thankfulness.
And so, dear Lord, we would express
Our gratitude and praise to Thee,
And seek Thy Truth to keep us free.



INDIAN MUSIC

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES

Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecturer-Recitalist; Ex-President of the Society of American Musicians. Late of Piano Faculty, American Conservatory, Chicago, and now Professor of Musical Art and Aesthetics at Scripps College, Claremont, California.

HAVE you ever heard honest-to-goodness Indian music, music made by real Red Men, using homemade drums and rattles?

As I told you last month, I have been with the Indians recently, and the throb of their drums is in my ears as I write. My memories of them, of their songs and stories, are pleasant ones, and I should like nothing better than to help every boy and girl who reads *Child Life* to become a friend of these "first Americans."

Indian music! The word 'music' might seem quite the wrong word to you who sing white man's music every day in school, and hear the music of Beethoven and Chopin played on the piano or phonograph in your homes. Yes, music is a curious word to apply to almost endless drum beats above which one can hear the hard guttural voices of the Indians repeating over and over again their short songs. But the truth is, boys and girls, that rhythm (or time, as it is sometimes incorrectly called), is the life of all musical expression, and the most necessary of the three essentials of all music from the savage's chant to Schubert's Symphonies. Its sister essentials are melody and harmony.

So when primitive people began to amuse themselves, they would beat on trees or hollow logs. Finally some clever one thought of an improvement. He hacked down a very large tree, cut off a section of the trunk, hollowed it out on one end, and stretched tightly over this end the hide of some animal which he had killed in the hunt. Here we have the birth of our bass drum. Such drums were the first musical instruments made by the Indians. They are still used and enjoyed above all others. Aimless beating of drums may be childlike, but when an American Indian drums, he tells a whole story in rhythmic patterns, patted out softly or boomed out so boldly that, on a quiet night, one can hear "the Indian's heart-beat" (his drum) miles away. I know nothing more thrilling than to approach, at evening, an Indian village on the side of the southwestern desert and hear the throb and sob of the drumming long before one can see the dancing figures around the fire.

The Indians pray to the Great Spirit, as we do. They also ask help of other "powers", and when they come together and dance, and chant their short manly songs, they

usually do so for some special purpose. When I last heard them, they were praying for rain, and o, how their barren lands needed it! You and I care little whether it rains or not, for we do not depend on little patches of sandy earth from which must be raised all we will have to eat. But the southwest American Indian thinks of rain as the "smile of the Great Spirit," and when drought comes, he and his tribe have a very old and serious ceremony, which they interpret in songs and dances. It is called the "Rain Ceremony," or in the Pima language "Teute Kita" (to make rain).

An old, old man—some say more than a hundred years old—was good enough to tell me, through an interpreter, about this particular dance for rain. I have space here for only a small part of his lengthy description.

When all the earth is parched and dry, the leaders and "medicine men," and the old men of the tribe who know much of earth and sky, of gods and men, of good and evil, all these, call the tribe together. The leader calls the names of the medicine men, who take their position behind the fire, facing east. Then the names of those who are to sing the rain chant are called, and they group themselves behind and at the side of the medicine men. Lastly, the speaker (a better word is orator) takes his place by the blazing fire and begins a long weird chant and story, accompanied by the quiet even beating of the large drum. The Indian songs start on a high tone and end on a low

one—quite the opposite of most of our songs.

This is a little part of what he may tell them in song and story:

"Then came my friend, the Gray Spider, to answer my prayer. He pulled the black corner of the West, where stands the house of the Rain God of the West, and the earth was enveloped with his black power. The Gray Spider pulled the blue corner of the South, and the earth was covered with his blue power. The Gray Spider pulled the white corner of the East and the earth was covered and enveloped with his white power, and so the magic conquered, and the earth was refreshed. The earth became a garden and we were no longer poor."

In general, the Indians make and use four different musical instruments which, for the most part, accompany their dancing and singing. These instruments are rattles, flutes, drums and scraping sticks.

Their gourd rattle is, perhaps, the most common, since it is so easily made by fitting a wooden handle into the gourd, having first dropped in a few pebbles. There are other rattles, the cocoon rattle, the turtle-shell rattle, the hoof rattle, and the disk rattle made of two sets of four small tin disks (circular pieces), loosely held by wires passing through a wooden handle and sounding like a Spanish tambourine.

The principal instrument of all very early people, the drum,

I have spoken of.
Drums are by far the most interesting and varied of Indian instruments. So

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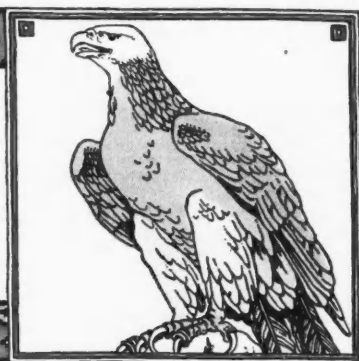


GOLDEN EAGLE

by

BERTHA MARILDA RHODES

CORINA MELDER-COLLIER



Author of "Religion in the Kindergarten," "Just Tom," "Spotted Deer's Party," "Eagle Ranch," etc.

A BABY was born in the teepee down by the Big Shining Water. His mother wrapped him in soft, dry moss, laid him in a little Indian cradle and laced the leather sides across his legs and arms until all you could see was his black hair, bright eyes and round baby face. His father, Many Lightnings, looked out from the teepee. According to an old Indian custom, the baby would be named for the first object the father saw. On the path lay two feathers dropped by birds passing high overhead.

"His name shall be Two Feathers," said Father Many Lightnings.

"Little Two Feathers," sang Mother-like-a-Red-Rose as she swung his cradle up and down and from side to side.

"Little Two Feathers, little good baby, go to sleep.

"E ya h'm."

Mother-like-a-Red-Rose gathered up the feathers which lay upon the path. The small feather belonged to a little bird, the rail, which feeds upon the wild grass growing at the water's edge.

"Two Feathers shall live among his people," she said. "He shall eat the Indian's rice and play among the Indian's trails as the rails run swiftly among the reeds of the marshland."

The large feather was that of the great eagle which floats high in the heavens above. Mother-like-a-Red-Rose held it up toward the sky.

"Two Feathers shall climb as the

eagle mounts in the sky. He shall pass beyond our hills, see strange sights and bring back blessings to his people. Even Father Many Lightnings never dreamed of what shall come to Two Feathers. It is in the heart of the Great Mystery and it shall be so."

Mother-like-a-Red-Rose hid the feathers in her buckskin bag.

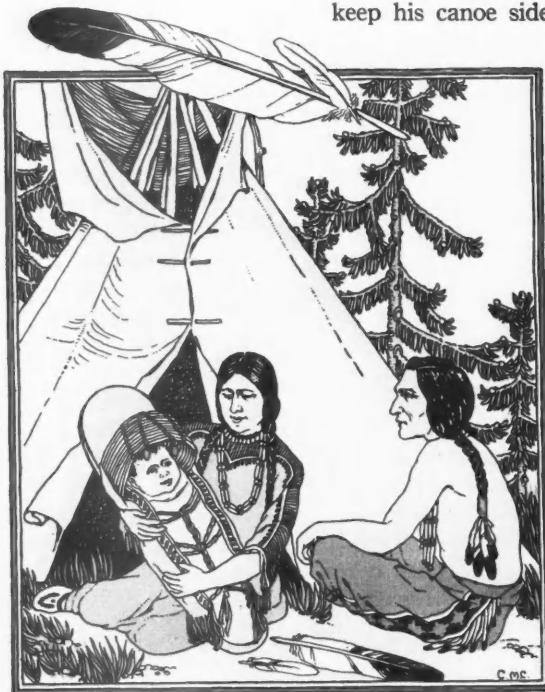
Each return of the birds from the Land of Summer found Two Feathers taller and stronger. He could walk after the Indian fashion, stomach in, chest up, chin in, for many miles without tiring. He could keep his canoe side by side with Father Many

Lightnings' canoe without ever making a sound as his paddle cut the water. He knew where the buffalo, the deer and the bear came down at midnight to drink from the Big Shining Water. He knew all the trails which led away from the teepees and had followed some of them to their ends.

One day Two Feathers and his playmates went out to gather yellow flower-feathers which grew along an open trail. Their mothers would use them in dyeing the grasses from which they wove baskets. When they had filled their hands with flowers the children sat down upon the grass to talk. The sky was blue. Great white

clouds floated across it and cloud shadows below passed over the green grass. Peep-of-Day, Two Feathers' little cousin, pointed out the cloud shadows.

"How fast they come and go!" she said. "They are chasing the





sunshine but they cannot catch it. It keeps always just ahead of them. Who can run in the sunshine so fast that the shadows cannot catch him?" The Indian children ran as fast as they could, but ever the shadows overtook them.

Then Two Feathers raced alone. He could go much faster than the others, and had left them far behind when the shadows at last overtook him. He threw himself down upon the ground and waited until the sunshine came again. Then another shadow floated slowly across the grass and rested upon him. It was not the shadow of a cloud. In shape it was like two great wings, outspread. He looked up. Above him hovered an eagle. It gave a loud cry, then turned and flew far to the highest point of a rocky cliff.

Mother-like-a-Red-Rose was making a buckskin shirt for him when he arrived. She had colored and cut porcupine quills and was sewing them into a beautiful design of red, yellow, blue and purple.

"What are you making, Mother-like-a-Red-Rose?" asked Two Feathers.

"Red, blue and yellow are for flowers," she said. "Purple is for flower shadows on the ground. I saw them in the early morning when I went to the spring for water."

"Why do you do all that work for me?" asked Two Feathers.

"Because," said his mother, "there is one thing I want you always to remember. It is this:

"All flowers are not of one color; there are flowers of red, flowers of blue and flowers of yellow—many kinds, each different, all flowers, all growing side by side. It is as the Great Mystery wishes. He has made them so."

"Mother-like-a-Red-Rose," said Two Feathers, thoughtfully, "I was lying in the sunshine to-day and suddenly a

shadow fell upon me. It rested like two great wings upon the ground."

Two Feathers stretched wide his arms.

Mother-like-a-Red-Rose made no reply but sat looking at him without really seeing him. She was thinking of what had happened when he was a little baby in his cradle.



She and Father Many Lightnings had taken baby Two Feathers to a meeting of friends and strangers from across the lake. They had met to promise one another that they would live as friends—in peace; to solemnly pledge that no one should wrongfully take what belonged to another; that each one would play fair when it came to hunting grounds, ponies, wild rice, berry patches, whatever they possessed. They would be as parents and children sharing what the Great Mystery gave them of earth and sky.

The visitors had brought as gifts long pipes of blue and green, decorated with colored feathers. The green pipe was to remind them of grass, corn, trees and

animals of bush and tree. The blue pipe was to tell of blue skies, lakes and rivers, of flying birds and all things which live in the air above the earth.

Reverently they touched the pipes; slowly, gracefully, they lifted them, while the long feathers threw shadows upon the walls like the wings of a great bird. Chanting, they passed before the assembly.

"On wings strong and true . . .
Comes good unto you—
Peace."

As they passed along Two Feathers' people joined in the singing. Nearer and nearer they came to where little Two Feathers lay in his mother's arms. His eyes were fastened upon the swinging eagle feathers of red and yellow. The tip of the lowest feather touched his fingers. He tried to grasp it; it slipped away. Two Feathers burst into tears.



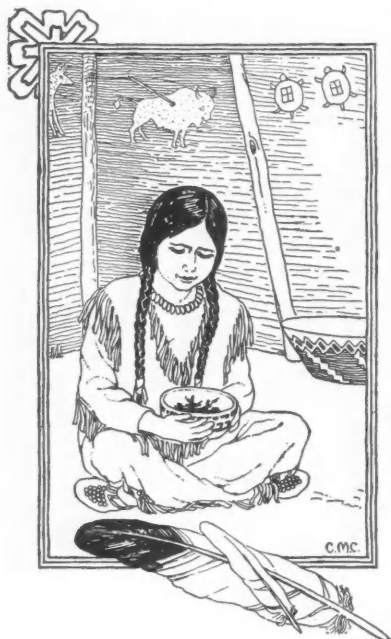


A stranger, hearing his cry, came and standing before them, waved the peace pipe gently above them as he sang. Then little Two Feathers looked up through his tears and smiled.

"He shall be a child of peace," Mother-like-a-Red-Rose had said as she held her baby close to her heart.

Her thoughts were interrupted as Two Feathers continued with his story of the eagle.

"Mother-like-a-Red-Rose," he said, as he gazed earnestly into her face, "I looked up and lo! I beheld a great eagle. It called, then flew to a rocky cliff far above." Rising, Mother-like-a-Red-Rose opened the buckskin bag which



contained their treasures, and taking out an eagle feather said,

"Every boy must earn his name. You shall no longer be as the baby eaglet crying in its nest, for as the golden eagle mounts in the sky and returns again, bringing peace to her young, so shall you travel far, visit strange places and return with blessings for your people. It is the will of the Great Mystery and it shall be so."

The next morning when Two Feathers looked into his bowl he found instead of the customary rice a few black coals of cedar twigs. This was their way of telling him that he was ready to go alone into the forest. If he could remain there four days and four nights without eating and then return to his teepee they would all know that he was old enough to care for himself. Whatever animal came to him in his dreams during this trial of strength would become his companion and protector for the rest of his life. What Indian boy would not look forward to the opportunity of proving himself? Two Feathers' eyes shone with eagerness. He said nothing, blackened his face with the coal, took his bow and arrow,

his water bag and a little bag of rice which Mother-like-a-Red-Rose had placed beside them, and went out upon his way.

All day Two Feathers followed the trail which led to the cliff far above. At night he slept beneath a clump of elms which grew near the stream. The next morning was hot. Not a breath of air was stirring. At noon a storm swept along the hillside. Again he saw a dark object above him. It was wet and bedraggled and flew heavily toward the cliff. As it neared the top the clouds separated, a ray of sunshine fell upon it, and every feather was tinged with gold.

"The golden eagle! The mighty bird of fire!" cried Two Feathers. He would have hurried after it, but the rocks before him reached straight up into the air. No one could climb up their smooth surface.

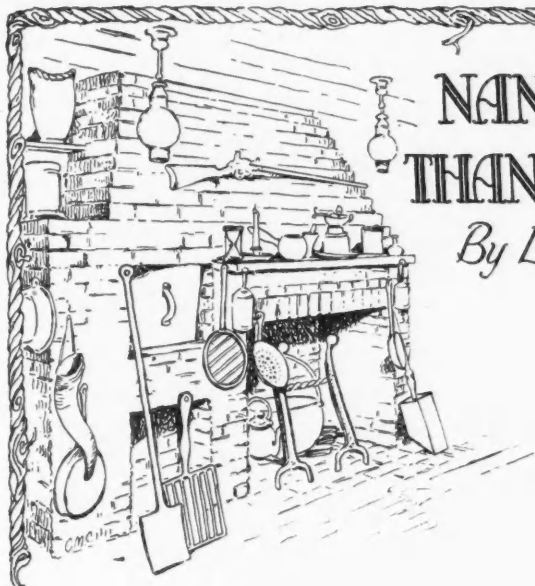
Tearing long strips of bark from a fallen tree Two Feathers tied the strips together and, wrapping one end around a stone, fastened it securely. Above was a rock which jutted far

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NANCY'S GOLDEN THANKSGIVING PIE

By Lena B. Ellingwood



OH, MOTHER! Could I make a pie for Thanksgiving, please?" asked little Nancy.

It was a cold November morning, many years ago, and the little girl sat before the great kitchen fireplace, holding her baby brother, Samuel. Nancy was learning to cook. She could make johnnycake, gingerbread and custard all by herself, and had helped Mother with cookies, but she had never attempted making so difficult a thing as a pie.

Before Mother could answer, Nancy's older brother, Peter, cried out, "A pie—you? And spoil the Thanksgiving dinner! Why, Grandmother and Grandfather and Aunt Abbie and her new husband will all be here. Mother would not dare to let you make a pie!"

Tears came into Nancy's eyes. She had been thinking of the pie for days, trying to get courage to ask about it. She knew just how she wanted it to look—a fat, golden pumpkin pie, with neatly "crimped" edges.

How proud she would be to have Father say, "Nancy made this!" when it was brought in, and have Grandfather praise it.

Mother saw the tears, though Nancy tried to hide them behind the baby's little brown head.

"Goo!" gurgled the baby, and clutched at Nancy's beads.

"Oh, no!" said Nancy

huskily, unclasping the little fingers.

The gold beads, Nancy's chief treasure, had been given

to her by Grandmother on her ninth birthday. Nancy felt quite grown-up, wearing them.

"Why don't you let Samuel have the beads to play with?" asked Peter. "It's all they're good for. I wouldn't wear 'em around *my* neck!"

"I don't know why Peter spoke like this, except that he felt like teasing.

"I think you may try to make a pie, little daughter," said Mother kindly. "Peter you should be more polite in speaking to your sister. She is doing very well with her cooking. And as for the beads, remember that Grandmother gave them to her, and be not disrespectful."

It was a busy time in the great farmhouse kitchen, getting ready for Thanksgiving. The brick oven was heated every day, and the kettles hanging on the fireplace cranes were filled with good things bubbling and simmering. The biggest turkey of the flock was prepared for roasting, and chicken pies with flaky crust made ready for the great day.

Nancy made her pie the day before Thanksgiving. Happily she worked at it, though feeling a vast weight of responsibility. Following Mother's directions she mixed the crust, then with painstaking care rolled it thin on the board, fitted it to a deep plate, and "crimped" the edges.

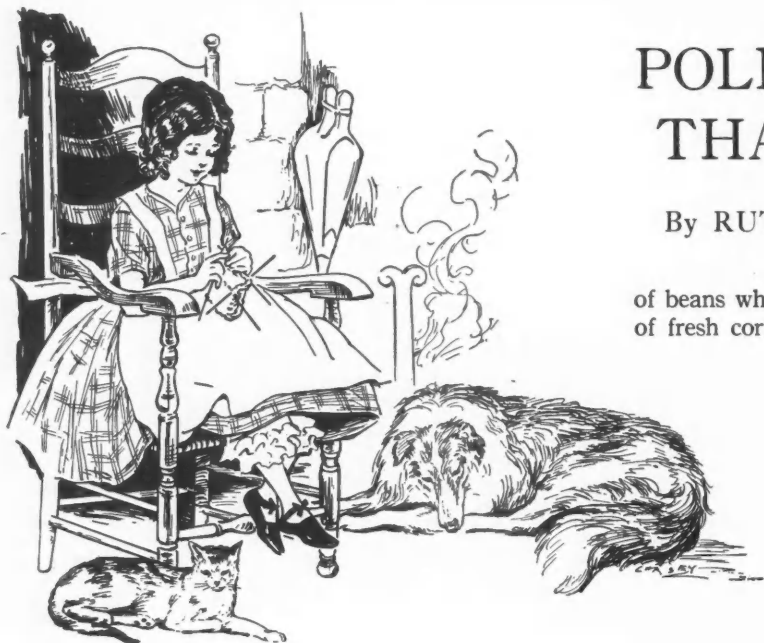
"Taste the filling, please, Mother!" said Nancy, "and see if it is just right. I put in the stewed pumpkin and egg and milk and everything else you told me, I am quite sure."

Mother took the spoonful Nancy brought her.

"Perfect!" she said. "I



[Continued on page 596]



POLLY PRENCE'S THANKSGIVING

By RUTH GIPSON PLOWHEAD

of beans which was simmering, and to have plenty of fresh corn bread ready.

Mother had not wanted to leave her alone, but what could be done? She had been summoned suddenly about noon to attend a neighbor down the valley several miles. Father and older brother Jim had been gone a week to the trading station for supplies. This morning early Tom and the hired man had cantered away on horseback to the grist mill, ten miles distant, with sacks of corn and wheat for grinding.

POLLY PRENCE learned to knit when she was five years old. By the time she was six she had made a gay sunshine patchwork quilt. Now that she was eight she was learning something much harder. She was learning to be a little pioneer girl in far western Idaho.

The past spring Polly and her family had left New York and journeyed across the Oregon Trail, settling in a log cabin on the desert. This was many years ago, and the change meant hard work, loneliness and sacrifices for all.

One November day Polly Prence was all alone on the homestead. That is, she was all alone save for Sammie, the shepherd dog, and Benjamin, the tortoise shell cat, who had come across the trail with them. Polly was feeling grown-up, important, lonely, yet almost happy in spite of her loneliness. Like a good little homemaker she had washed the lunch dishes, tidied the cabin, and brushed her glossy curls until they shone. Next she had drawn from the oaken chest a stiffly-starched white apron, some finely ruffled pantalettes, and her kid strap slippers.

With her feet on the fender little Polly Prence had settled down to her sewing. It was not so long before Christmas, and there was the muslin apron to finish for Mother, and the striped wristlets to knit for Father and the brothers. Polly was humming to herself snatches of the tune from a book of carols which she and Mother were singing in preparation for the Yuletide.

"Mind ye the stranger who comes to your door;
See that he's hungry and weary no more."

Over and over she hummed the little strain. Perhaps it was because Mother had especially asked her to be in readiness to feed the hungry family when they returned, to watch the huge iron kettle

"Polly dear," said Mother, "I am doing what seems to me best. I cannot take you to this place, nor can I deny a neighbor in trouble. I must go, little daughter. Tom and Will should be home any time after the middle of the afternoon. Father should be here before now. I shall return as soon as possible, but if I am not here by five o'clock I shall send some one to see that you are all right. Nobody travels this way, so you are safe. Watch the fires, and remember that you have your faithful Sammy and your Bible."

Polly Prence put the last stitches in the strings of the Christmas apron. She fixed the fires, and stirred the beans, all the time humming,

"Mind ye the stranger who comes to your door;
See that he's hungry and weary no more."

"Kitty," she said to Benjamin, "doesn't the time pass slowly? It is only two o'clock, and it seems hours since Mother left. I wonder if Father is coming." For perhaps the dozenth time she went to the window and gazed down the trail. A few jolly snowflakes were capering about in the air. Polly Prence danced with them.

"Goody, Goody!" she shouted. "Won't it be fun to have a white Thanksgiving? I will make you a snow man, Benjamin. What's that, Kitty?" Her capering stopped suddenly, and her heart beat very fast. A lone figure was coming across the sagebrush plains. Who could it be? No one ever came afoot that way. Had Father and Tom met trouble?

The figure came closer and closer; then the frightened little girl saw by the gay blanket, and long strands of black hair, that the oncomer was an Indian. What should she do? Where could she hide? Should she bar the door and have Sammy attack the intruder?

Soon it dawned on her that something was decidedly wrong. The Indian walked slowly, at times staggering; even a small girl could see that his strength was gone. Perhaps he was hungry or ill or tired. Could she shut the door on a man in trouble, even though he be a savage? Again the song she had been humming flashed through her mind.

"Mind ye the stranger who comes to your door; See that he's hungry and weary no more."

The Indian had now reached the house. He turned the knob, without waiting to knock, and fell into a chair with his head on his breast. Sammy's fur bristled, he savagely bared his fangs, and crouched, ready to spring at the intruder.

"Down, Sammy, down," whispered Polly. "Can't you see the poor man has hurt his arm? What shall I do? What shall I do?"

She did what she thought Mother would have done. With trembling hands she drew cloth from the linen chest, and tore soft strips of muslin. She washed the arm in warm water, applied healing salve, and bound up the wound. She heated milk, and when the Indian opened his eyes, held the cup to his lips. With the last gulp the unwelcome guest slipped to the floor, and fell into a sleep that was so deep it was almost a stupor. Polly covered him with a buffalo robe, her heart full of pity for the tired, hungry savage.

Then, calling Sammy to her side, she began the long, tiresome wait. Much of the time she sat by the window, looking anxiously through the storm, which had become wild and furious. Sometimes she took up the wristlet and knitted rapidly, as though the work of her nimble fingers could still the beating of her heart. Again, she placed her arms about Sammy's neck and cried.

"Sammy, Sammy," she softly sobbed, "why doesn't someone come? What has happened to everybody? Are they all lost in the storm, or do you think there has been a fight with the Indians? Sammy, Sammy, what shall I do?" Sammy licked the little girl's neck gently, and Benjamin rubbed against his unhappy mistress's legs and purred loudly.

Now it was growing dusk, and time to think of supper. Polly stirred the beans, tended the fires, made a large pan of corn bread, and went out to feed the chickens. When she returned the Indian was sitting up; he looked rested and years younger. Pointing to himself he said, "Flying Cloud. Flying Cloud." Then he pointed to his mouth and to the pot of beans saying, "Hungry. Hungry." He had seen enough of the white man to say a few words, and, when he saw how the frightened child was trembling, he said, "No hurt. No hurt."

Little Polly Prentice bustled about with great zeal, glad of a chance to be busy. If an Indian could



smile like that, perhaps he meant no harm. She knew nothing of the etiquette of serving Indians, but she had been well trained in the law of western hospitality; the best must be given the guest. She heaped a tray with slices cut from a cold roast of venison, beans, thick chunks of corn bread, and then slowly took from a crock in the dugout cellar a cake of their comb honey. They had but one hive of bees, and sweets were scarce on the desert.

Polly Prence placed the tray on the floor before the Indian. He ate greedily and loudly, and Polly was shocked at his lack of manners. He signed for more bread and meat, which the small girl gave him. When she saw that he was stuffing it into a pouch, she realized that it was meant as a stay for the long, probably dangerous journey ahead of him. So she slipped into the pantry, and added her own little dried-apple turnover which Mother had made for her supper. The red man gave a nod, which was probably meant for a grunt of thanks; Polly returned it with a polite curtsy. "Good luck to you," she said, as the Indian disappeared into the violent storm.

"O, Sammy, Sammy," cried Polly, "I am glad that Flying Cloud is gone, but I am more lonely than ever."

The door slammed, and Father and Jim rushed in, wild with alarm. They had had a glimpse of the Indian slipping over the prairie, and the lone sobbing child seemed to confirm their worst fears.

"Polly," cried Father, grabbing her roughly, "what has happened? Where are your mother and brothers?"

Polly sobbed forth her story.

"My frightened little daughter! Thank God you are safe!" said Father, holding her tightly in his arms. "You have done well. You have sheltered and fed the stranger within our gates. Nevertheless, it must be managed so you are never again left alone."

Polly Prence was quite a heroine that evening. The rest of the family soon arrived, and how she was praised and petted!

And now Thanksgiving preparations were in full swing!

On the night before the thankful day the family were singing songs of praise. When they sang,

"Mind ye the stranger who comes to your door;

See that he's hungry and weary no more."

Polly thought of the tall strange guest who had glided like a shadow into the blinding storm. Had he a dark-skinned little daughter? Did he reach her safely? Would he tell the story of his small hostess to this other little maiden?

Thanksgiving day arrived. The sky was like a huge turquoise and the sun seemed to flood the white earth with diamonds. Polly Prence watched with eager anticipation the roasting of the two fat wild geese, and smelled the spicy odors in the kitchen. Tom burst into the house, shouting excitedly.

"Folks, there's a prairie schooner coming down the trail. Jim is saddling our ponies, and we will ride to meet it. Who can it be? Wouldn't it be the jolliest kind of fun if we had company for dinner?"

Polly was just as curious as the boys, through she did not ride with them. She bundled into her hood and coat, and danced about impatiently in the snow. Not until the wagon came very close, and she saw the boys beckoning did she gain courage to run and meet it. Then a tall young man, with twinkling eyes like Polly Prence's, jumped from the wagon and lifted his small niece high in the air.

"My darling, dearest Uncle Peter," was all Polly could sob. Here was her favorite uncle, whom she had thought safe in New York, come to spend Thanksgiving with her. "How did you get here?"

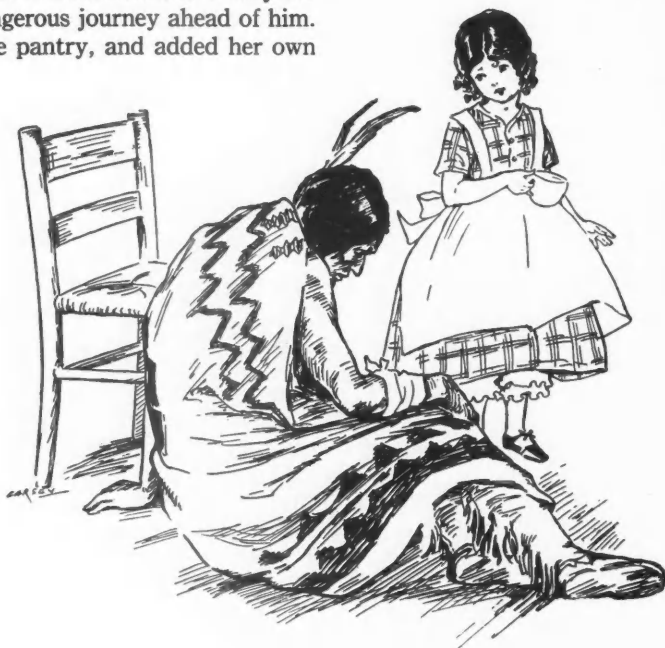
"As near as I can figure I am alive and here to-day because of you, small chicken," he replied. "But come, here are my two friends, and we are mighty hungry. How about something to eat?"

"O, goody, goody, you can have Thanksgiving dinner with us," replied Polly, from Uncle Peter's shoulders where he was triumphantly carrying her into the house.

It was not until the bountiful Thanksgiving dinner had been eaten and the family were gathered about the spacious fireplace, smelling the spicy fragrance of the sagebrush, which scurried up the chimney, that Uncle Peter told his story.

"It was in August," he said, "that I decided I could wait no longer to see Polly again. So I joined these friends of mine who were coming west. I did not write, as mail reaches you slowly, and

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BRONZETOES

By JOSEPHINE E. PHILLIPS

SAMUEL sat on a log and hugged his knees as tight as he could. He wasn't going to cry. Boys growing up in the Black Forest, in the new Northwest Territory, didn't cry, whatever happened.

"If only she'd done something to me, I could be brave as brave," he told himself. "But for me to do that to her, the best sister that ever was."

The tears would squeeze out, and would not be rubbed in again, though Samuel rubbed hard.

It had started out to be a wonderful day. Of all his chores in those busy days of clearing land, hunting game, planting crops, the one he liked most was climbing to high tree tops, where snarls of wild grapevines held tree to tree and had to be chopped away before Father and Tod, below, could start felling.

Up, up, up, Sam climbed, then out, out, onto slender branches that barely bore his weight. The squirrels he sent scuttling! And the little screech owl, disturbed from her nap, fluttered blindly into the sun! then off to the shadows of the deeper forest! Watching the chips fly, under the blade of his own small broadax, listening for his father's cheery, "Enough!"—it had been wonderful!

From high up he had watched the April sun sink, like a golden ball, through the trees. Then he had slid down and scampered across the clearing to the cabin. He should have remembered that Emily's basket stood by the door.

But he had known there would be hot corn bread for supper, with maybe a spoonful of maple syrup—and he had stumbled—plump!—into the basket of turkey eggs.

From way up the Ohio they had come, "tame" turkey eggs, that Emily was going to set under old Grayling as soon as that fastidious hen-turkey

found a nest to suit. Three of the precious eggs were crushed. Emily hurried them inside, to use for cooking. She did not scold, and that made it almost harder.

It was a whole twelvemonth before they could get another setting of turkey eggs—whatever could he do, to make it up to Emily? He might make her a whittled gift—little balls encased in chain-links—but the long winter-evening hours of whittling were past. And, of course, there was not a copper in his pocket to buy her a bit of calico, even if there had been a Yankee peddler's boat

at the landing a mile away, which there wasn't!

Sam had a plan. Wild turkeys were back—most of them had flown south for the winter. Would wild turkey eggs do? He jumped off the log and ran inside, but his father shook his head.

"Nary white man I ever heard of has found a wild turkey's nest. She's that cunnin' in buildin' and hidin'. Oh, you might, but

I'd say you'd find better ways for your time. Like the woodpile. Forget what can't be helped; have faith in what's ahead. That's the lesson we have to learn, lad."

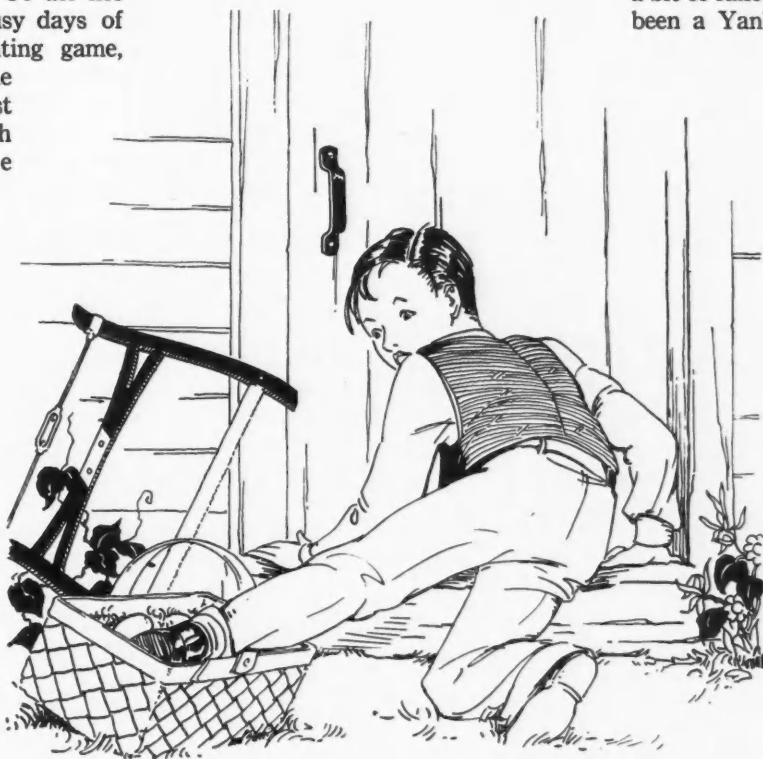
Yet Samuel resolved to try, in odd minutes free from chores, to hunt for what "nary man" had found. Two—three days passed.

Then came a drenching rain. Splashing through a thicket, hot on the trail of a turkey-hen, he came upon a mass of leaves and one plump egg.

"If it hatches," Emily promised, as she tucked it under Grayling, "it shall be your very own turkey."

The egg did hatch. The little bronze and gray creature thrived under Samuel's care. She seemed quite content, following him about his work far

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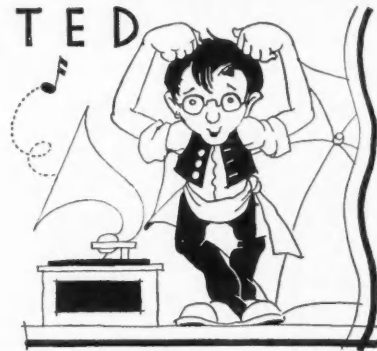




THE ENCHANTED DOOR

*A Play for
Children's Book Week*

By MARJORIE BARROWS



INTRODUCING

JACK'S GIANT, who has shrunk a good bit since the good old days. He wears spectacles (which he rubs now and then with his red bandana), a red sash, and a resigned expression. His wife calls him Willie.

MRS. GIANT, his wife. She wears a ruffy apron at first, and a dress with a train when she's dressed up. She also wears glasses and looks motherly.

EDITH } a brother and sister.
ED

ROBIN HOOD
CAPTAIN HOOK
ROBINSON CRUSOE
THE CHESHIRE CAT
HEIDI
ALI BABA

Book friends who dress as they do in their pictures.

[ED and HEIDI need not come, if you haven't space for them.]

WHAT YOU SEE WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP: The living room of Beanstalk Bungalow, the giant's home at the top of the new beanstalk. There is a table with a phone on it, and chairs, and a couch in the room. At the back is a row of six umbrellas, open and dripping, on the floor. On a small table at the left stands the phonograph that is playing a march right now (perhaps the *Stars and Stripes Forever*). In front of it stands the giant, stretching his arms up and down vigorously as he sings.

WILLIE (singing):

Fee! Fi! Fo! Fum!
Ho! Hum! Ho! Hum!
Tho' I'm a giant I feel small;
I wish that I again were tall.

I'd like a bone to gnaw—
but then,

I'm now a vegetarian!
Fee! Fi! Fo! Fum!
Ho! Hum! Ho! Hum!

MRS. GIANT (rushing in from the left): Willieeeee!
Willie! Turn off that phonograph and stop those stretching exercises! At once!

WILLIE (guiltily): Cer-

tainly, my love. Certainly, cer-tainly! [He turns off the phonograph.]

MRS. GIANT: Now that you've at last shrunk to a stylish size I can't see why you want to grow up into a giant again. You know what Jack said when he left you at the foot of the beanstalk for dead. He said—

WILLIE: Yes, yes, my love. I know—I know—

MRS. GIANT: He said *he wasn't* going to have any giants around. So when you recovered you *had* to shrink. Safety first.

WILLIE: Need we go into all that again? [He measures himself with a yardstick by the wall.] You needn't fuss, anyway. I've only gained an inch.

MRS. GIANT (taking up a bowl of apples from the table and beginning to peel them): Give you an inch and you'll take an ell. Jack may find out that you, whom he left for dead, are still alive. Then watch out!

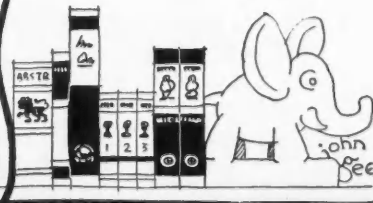
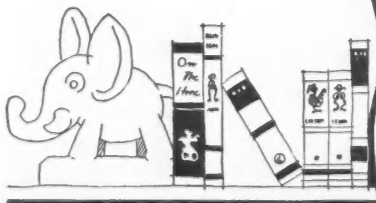
WILLIE: Bosh! Jack's too busy to search for me. They say he's searching for some magic doorway a fairy told him about—a doorway that leads to much happiness. [He sniffs] Fee! Fi! Fo! Fum! I smell—

MRS. GIANT: It's just the beans in the oven.

WILLIE (in quavering, disappointed tones): Beans? Beans! Oh. I thought it was a chop. [He takes off his spectacles and polishes them vigorously with his red bandana.]

MRS. GIANT: Chop! And you a vegetarian! What makes you so restless, Willie? Is it still raining outside? I see those umbrellas aren't dry yet.

WILLIE: Ho! Hum! Ho! Hum! I'm sort of bored, I



guess. Homesick for the good old days when giants were giants.

MRS. GIANT: P'shaw! You're just restless. Why don't you call up a few people to drop in for a rubber of—Authors?

WILLIE (eagerly): Think they'd come to the home of Jack's Giant?

MRS. GIANT: Why not? You're tame enough now. [She picks up a book and hands it to him.] Here's a "Who's Who of Bookland." The phone numbers are in there, too.

WILLIE (turning over the pages rapidly and reading a name here and there): Alice of Wonderland; Ali Baba; Brinker, Hans; Beth March; Burglar (Editha's); Cousins (Eight); Cheshire Cat; Crusoe (Robinson); David Copperfield; Family Robinson (Swiss); Gulliver; Heidi; Hook (Capt.); Jack the Giant Killer (no thank you!); Jo March; Little Lord Fauntleroy; Mowgli; Oliver Twist; Penrod; Peter Pan; Polly Pepper; Red Riding-Hood; Robin Hood—How many may I invite?

MRS. GIANT: Goodness! We haven't doughnuts and cider for more than eight—at the most. [She begins to hum the tune of "Jingle Bells."]

WILLIE (taking down telephone receiver and talking very loud): Well, I'll begin with Alice. Wonderland 00, please, and Be Quick About It.

MRS. GIANT: Not so loud, Willie, and more politely.

WILLIE: Alice? Hello, Alice. Guess who this is. Huh? Nope—not the Duchess. [He turns to his wife and giggles.] She thinks I'm the Duchess! (Into phone) Nope, Fee, Fi—I should say I'm not Tweedle-dee. (Turns to his wife) She thinks I'm Tweedle-dee! (Into phone) It's Willie. Will-ieee. Jack's Giant, you know. At least I used to be a giant before I reduced. How about a rubber of cards to-night? The missus and I'd like to have you drop in—You can't? Too bad! But you'll—what? You'll send the Cheshire Cat? Oh—er—delighted—er. Good-by! [He turns to his wife, takes off his spectacles and rubs them



excitedly with his red bandana.] She's going to another party and can't come here. But she's sending that uppity Cheshire Cat instead! Bah!

MRS. GIANT (placidly): Well, there's a mouse in the pantry she can catch if she wants to.

WILLIE: That Cheshire Cat's too uppity to catch mice! I think Alice was sort of scared to come. Guess I'll try Captain Hook next. (Into phone) Never Never Land 2323, please. Right! Captain Hook? Captain, can you and Peter Pan drop in for a rubber of cards this evening? This is Jack's Giant speaking. Peter's going to a Children's Book Week party and can't come? Oh! Well, but you? Good! Yes, same old place—Beanstalk Bungalow. See you soon. Toodle-oo. (To his wife) Now I'll try Robin Hood. (To phone) Sherwood Forest 240, please. Robin? Willie speaking. Willieee, the ex-giant, yes. How's every little thing? Can you drop in for cards this evening? Fine!

MRS. GIANT: Do ask Heidi. I want some company. And don't shout so. Speak softly. I can't hear myself sing! [WILLIE talks so very softly into the phone now that we can't hear what he is saying, but we hear MRS. GIANT's song, sung to the tune of the "Jingle Bells" chorus.]

Come along to Bookland now,

Come along to-day!

Adventures new are waiting you

All along the way.

Fairies beckon, heroes call,

Book chums are at play!

All aboard for Bookland now,

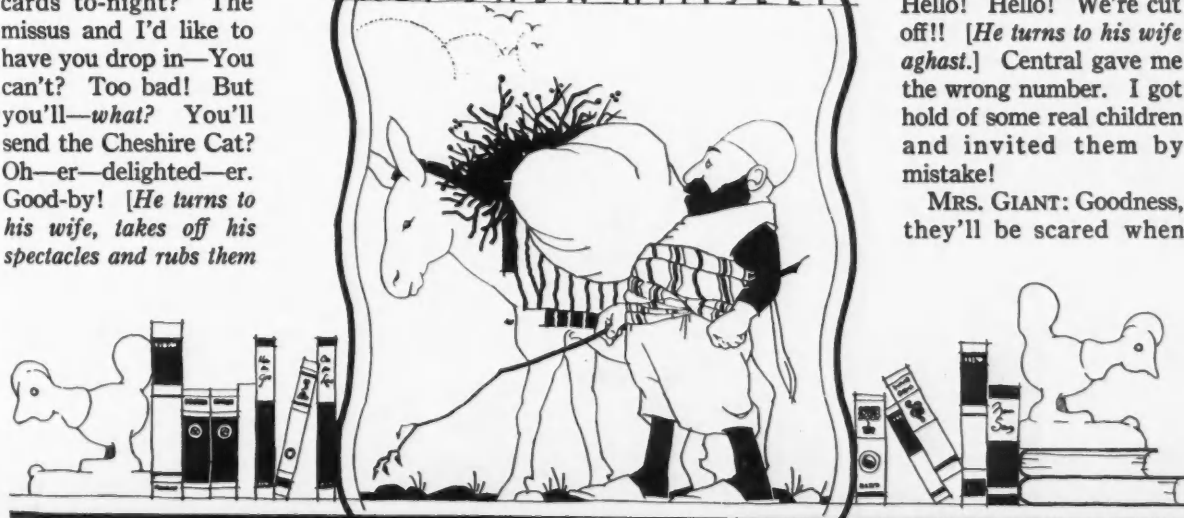
Come along to-day!

WILLIE (suddenly shouting into the phone again):

This is Ed and you'll bring Edith? Why, what—Hello! Hello! We're cut off!! [He turns to his wife aghast.] Central gave me the wrong number. I got hold of some real children and invited them by mistake!

MRS. GIANT: Goodness, they'll be scared when

ALI BABA HIMSELF



they find out you're Jack the Giant Killer's Giant! Who else did you invite?

WILLIE: Oh, just Heidi and Robinson Crusoe and Ali Baba.

MRS. GIANT: That's enough now. Guess I'd better change my dress.

[She goes off at the left as WILLIE takes out a little hand-glass and some rouge and reddens his nose. Then a tapping is heard at the door on the right.]

WILLIE: Come in!

[EDITH and ED enter breathlessly, hand in hand.]

EDITH: Please, is this Beanstalk Bungalow and are you Mister Willie?

[WILLIE bows shyly.]

ED: We've come to your party.

WILLIE (pointing bashfully to a chair): Please be seated.

[The children sit down on the edge of the chairs.]

WILLIE (taking off his spectacles and polishing them after a dead silence): Fine day, isn't it?

ED: No. It's raining.

WILLIE: Oh.

EDITH (after another pause): Is anybody else coming?

WILLIE: Oh, yes. There's the Cheshire Cat—and Peter Pan's Captain Hook—and Robin Hood—and Heidi—and Robinson Crusoe—and Ali Baba! You've met them all in books. [He turns around.] Here they are now!

[As he mentions them by name, each book character bobs up from behind his open umbrella at the back of the room, and bows, smilingly. ED and EDITH give jerks of astonishment as each new guest appears. Re-enter MRS. GIANT from the left. She has powdered her nose a dead white, and is wearing an old-fashioned dress whose train sweeps the floor.]

MRS. GIANT: Welcome one and all to the house of Jack-the-Giant-Killer's Giant!

ED (startled): Giant!

EDITH (rising): We have to go home now!

MRS. GIANT (comfortingly): There! There! You're perfectly safe, my dears. He's only an ex-giant now. Eats no meat—has shrunk to this size—and is very kind-

CHESHIRE CAT



hearted. Aren't you, Willie?

WILLIE (meekly): Yes'm. (To others) Let's don't play Authors now. Let's play Drop-the-Handkerchief.

ALL: Let's!

[All except WILLIE join hands and dance around in a circle, singing to the tune of "Here we go Round the Mulberry Bush."]

Come away to elf and fay,
Fairy friends will dance to-day,
In Bookland all the time they play,
So come and read their stories!

[WILLIE drops the bandana behind the CHESHIRE CAT who chases him around the ring, but doesn't catch him. Then the cat is "It" and they all dance, and sing again.]

Heroes old and heroes new
Wait inside of books for you
With thrilling tales so often true,
So come and read their stories!

[The cat drops the handkerchief behind EDITH, who races around and around the circle after her, finally catching her by the tail.]

CHESHIRE CAT: Me-ow! Ouch, let go! No fair pulling tails! Me-ow-ch!

EDITH: Oh! Did I hurt you? I'm so sorry.

[She examines the tail and bandages it with the bandana.]

WILLIE: It's just a slight strain. Nothing to cry about!

CHESHIRE CAT: Mind your own business! (Puts paw to tongue and pretends to wash her face) What a girl! What a girl! What a girl!

WILLIE: What a cat!

CHESHIRE CAT (making faces at him): A cat may look at a king or a measly little ex-giant, either.

WILLIE: Don't be rude!

CHESHIRE CAT (smiling wickedly): Just for that you'd better watch out!

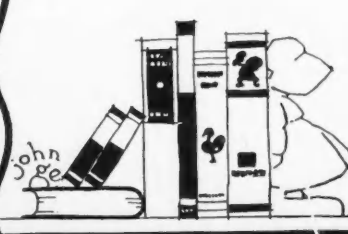
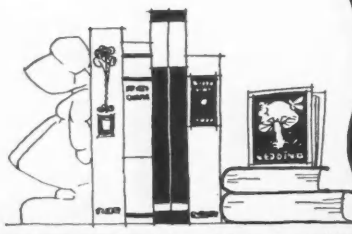
[She runs off at the right. The others look at each other in dismay.]

WILLIE (uneasily): I hope she doesn't meet Jack-the-Giant-Killer and tell him I'm still alive!

MRS. GIANT (reassuringly): Now, Willie, even a Cheshire Cat wouldn't be that mean. Besides, they say Jack is off searching for some enchanted door. Don't worry so. Let's have some music.

WILLIE (brightening): How about that Bookland song? These two children

HEIDI and PETER



haven't heard it yet. Robin, you begin.

[All the guests are seated now, on the couch and chairs. ROBIN, ROBINSON CRUSOE and CAPTAIN HOOK rise as each sings his own verse. All join in the chorus, but remain seated for that.]

ROBIN (to the tune of "Jingle Bells"):

In a leaf-green light
In Sherwood just at dawn
Maid Marion is danc-ing
Lightly as a fawn.
While Robin's merry men
In Sherwood every morn
Gayly go adventuring—
Hear their hunting horn!

ALL:

Come along to Bookland now,
Come along to-day!
Adventures new are waiting you
All along the way.
Fairies beckon, heroes call,
Book chums are at play!
All aboard for Bookland now—
Come along to-day!

ROBINSON CRUSOE:

Over stormy waves
Sail along with me,
Sail up to a palm-fringed Isle
In a sunny sea.
Foot-prints in the sand!
But we have no fear;
Let us go adventuring—
Treasure may be here!

ALL:

Come along to Bookland now,
Come along to-day!
Adventures new are waiting you
All along the way.
Fairies beckon, heroes call,
Book chums are at play!
All aboard for Bookland now—
Come along to-day!

CAPTAIN HOOK:

Hook invites you all
To fly with Peter Pan,
The crocodile is ticking now,
Catch him if you can.
Redskins all will lurk
Exactly where they should,



So let's go adventuring

In Peter's wonderwood!

ALL:

Come along to Bookland now,
Come along to-day!
Adventures new are waiting you
All along—

[They break off suddenly, for the smiling CHESHIRE CAT enters stealthily at the right, goes back to the doorway and beckons, then returns and chases her tail around and around.]

HEIDI: There's that cat again!

CAPTAIN HOOK: Zounds! Is she having a fit?

ALL: Look! Look!

[Enter at right JACK-THE-GIANT-KILLER with a toy sling shot.]

JACK: Where is he? (To the cat) You say my giant is still alive. Where is he?

CHESHIRE CAT (smiling and pointing to WILLIE): There! He's shrunk a bit since you last saw him.

[JACK starts after WILLIE. The others make a circle around the ex-giant, but JACK breaks through it. WILLIE escapes on the other side, runs around the room, then, as JACK still pursues him, rolls under the couch.]

MRS. GIANT and ALI BABA (pulling at his sash and coattails): Stop! Stop!

ROBIN HOOD: By my troth, don't shoot off that weapon in this dwelling!

CAPTAIN HOOK: Zounds, sir! Leave Willie alone!

EDITH and ED: Throw away that sling shot!

JACK (firmly): No. I've gone down in history as having killed that giant. Do you think I'm going to let him stay alive? Think of my reputation!

MRS. GIANT (pleading): He's perfectly harmless now; he's a vegetarian!

JACK: Just the same, I must have him. [He stoops down by the couch and draws back the rubber of his sling shot.]

EDITH: Stop! Why aren't you searching for that enchanted door?

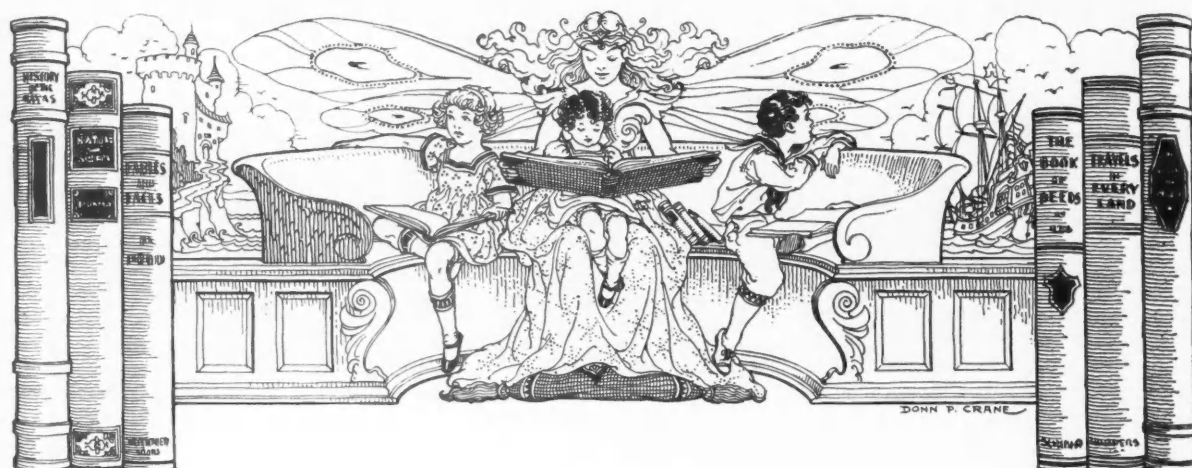
JACK (in wondering tones as he turns around slowly): Do you know where that enchanted door is? The fairy I met once told me it led children

and older folk everywhere to many, many hours of real happiness. I've been searching for it.

EDITH: Well, you won't find it if you go around chasing ex-giants.

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NEW PLAYGROUNDS FOR THE MIND

By JOHN FARRAR

Author of "Songs for Parents," "The Magic Seashell," etc.; former editor of "The Bookman"

AS LONG as there are growing children in the house, the mind of a parent cannot long stay still. It must leap to meet the strange personality that goes by the name of son or daughter. It must find the holes in its own mental equipment, to fill the queries that are constantly coming from young minds.

Whenever I write about books for children now, it must naturally be in terms of those two fair-haired young things sitting beside me in front of the fire now, one of whom gurgles contentedly, the other, "Daddy, please stop playing on the typewriter and tell me a story."

"What story?" and presently it will be, "What book?"

With what must we refresh the mind to meet this delightful and somewhat appalling emergency? Hundreds of new children's books are being published each year, and the world itself is changing so rapidly that it is impossible to rationalize one's own childhood and expect it to meet the demands of to-day. Suppose your child's mind is more or less a carbon copy of your own. Suppose you were interested in flowers and fields and stars and moons, and your son finds himself similarly engrossed, that is fairly simple. What will you do if, suddenly of a pleasant morning, his inventor great-grandfather looks out of those clear blue eyes and says,

"Daddy, where does the electric light go when it goes out?"

Do you put him off with generalizations? Do you attempt to shift his interest and mold it in a pattern nearer your own? That, indeed, would be a sin against childhood. No, you go to the bookstore or the library, you consult the various agencies arising for the choice of children's books, you ask advice of those who know. I think that I shall mention only one book in this article, and that,

"Realms of Gold in Children's Books," compiled by Bertha E. Mahony and Elinor Whitney. This volume of nearly eight hundred pages is simply a classified and selected list of books for the young. This, used in combination with intelligence and a children's room in a library, will answer almost any problem. First, you must find the books, then you can buy or borrow them.

Always, in considering a child's reading, we should reiterate the fact that it is the development of the child's own mind that should be administered to, not the wishes of our own. A young Lindbergh might be destined to mediocrity by an attempt to interest him in art or music. A young Shakespeare might be stilled by a practical parent who was not willing to dream awhile with his son on the ways of the moon and the infinite patterns of the waves.

Consider for a moment the world that confronts the eyes of two-and-a-half, a world in which airplanes fly over the roof, motor cars rush by the door, buildings rise with incredible speed, and the radio is an article of household furniture. One of the age-old problems that confronted a father or mother was to explain religion to a young child. Religion and biology were the mysteries. Now, we have added, science.

"Where does that music come from, Daddy?"

How will you explain the miracles of the ether to Johnny or Tommy?

I turn to the book mentioned above, and to the section titled "Science and Invention." Here I find a list of books, some good, some poor. It is an inadequate list because enough books, and simple enough books, have not yet been written, but here is some help for the perplexed parent.

The problem of myself and my young son must be a fairly universal one. My mind, bookish and brought up on nursery rhymes and romances, finds

itself forced to minister to a mind tuned to the sound of wheels and drills. It is a rhythmical mind, too. It likes poetry; but it turns always to the sand machine on the road, to the burning of a match.

"Why is the ash in your pipe gray, Daddy, and the burned part of a match black?"

"Does the same thing run the street cars that runs our automobile, Daddy?"

"Now you tell *me* a story, son," say I.

"Well, Daddy, once upon a time there was an electric light, and it was a bulb made of glass, and way off on a street was a power house and—"

This is someone new. This is not I. This is a little frightening, but vastly important to be watched and ministered unto and developed.

I think that it is a good thing for the various book clubs to become interested in selecting books for children. The only danger is that children differ so, that the book for Johnny is not the book for Teddy, and it seems to me that one of our first duties as parents and educators in America is to make every attempt to avoid standardization. Where along the line do our children lose their originality and freshness? They all have it at the start. They lose it at home and in school when we or their teachers are too busy or too lazy to seek out the twist of new words that is a red flag waved above a developing personality.

Whenever one of my friends or classmates has a new baby, I send to a good and wise friend who has a children's bookstore, and I say, "An order of nursery books, please." She sends them, and they are all more or less the same, tiny little alphabet books with Kate Greenaway illustrations, bunny books, nursery rhymes in little.

One of my friends to whom I sent such a package of books, decided to go a step further. She was to be godmother to a little girl. She has left an order for the first group of books, and for a book to be sent each year to her god-child. This seems to me a priceless gift, the gift of a perpetual library. But what is to happen to the lady selected to pick the books? Will she send them out into a void, to an address and to a child unknown? Presently, she will find out what the child's tastes are, what her small mind is groping for. Could a doctor give

a child a food formula without examining it first? As we learn to find the child mind with the same intelligence as we have learned to care for its body, the intellectual death rate will decrease.

In reading manuscripts for publication designed for juvenile audiences, the most frequent criticism is, "But it's too patronizing." Talking down, reading down to a child, is a sin which the modern child, I think, recognizes. If he gets the proper chance he will refuse to listen to the baby-talk ladies and gentlemen and will say, like one little girl when her uncle was attempting to amuse her, "Aren't you funny, you're talking baby talk!"

A day or so after my first child was born, I remember that I was talking to a famous neurologist-author. I was wandering on, speculating as to the difficulties and the pitfalls which a modern parent must encounter. He smiled.

"You have only one thing to remember that includes practically all that can be said about the psychology of child training. Treat your boy like a human being."

When you stop to realize that it is within our power to give our children the buds that will blossom into appreciation and love of the wise and the beautiful, that will one day make the moments of life which are barren of action, richer by the ability to dream and to contemplate and to speculate, it is a little frightening. What could be more barren than the life which finds no delight in the pathways and explorations on which the mind may embark! Lonely indeed would be the man in the midst of a great library, with no human companion, and without the knowledge or the desire to read. Words, only words, printed in small type and in large, in small volumes and in large volumes, on thick paper or on thin, but words given magic by the action of the human mind. Immortal words. Useful words. Terrible words. The words that Shelley wrote as he gazed at the moon, that Darwin wrote as he speculated on the universe, that Moses found on the mountain, words of fire. The words that Jesus spoke on the Cross. The key to this inheritance is ours to give to our children. It must be carefully fashioned for each one. The lock is not the same for all.





HAVE you ever wondered why our very first American holiday was called Thanksgiving Day? Over three hundred years ago, a little band of Puritans left England to find happiness in America. For two long months they sailed the Atlantic ocean in a ship called the Mayflower. Finally on December 21, 1620, they landed on Plymouth Rock, and in the autumn of the next year held a harvest feast with the friendly Indians. From this developed our present-day Thanksgiving feast. So it happened that the New World, which had given the Pilgrims a home, helped them also to find happiness.

True hospitality hasn't changed very much since Puritan days however, for doesn't every *real* American boy and girl just long for a chance to welcome newcomers to this great country of ours? We want people to feel at home in America! When we offer them the hospitality of our native land, we also offer them the true hospitality of our hearts, do we not?

So, in giving a little party at Thanksgiving time, let's just pretend we are inviting *real* Pilgrims to come to our homes, that they may all partake of our fun, our games, and our hospitality!

The following verse may help us to say, "Welcome," in an unusual way, especially if it is written on a sheet of paper cut out in the shape of the good ship, Mayflower.



The Landing of the Pilgrims
Will take place at o'clock,
So pretend *you* are a Pilgrim,
And *my* house is Plymouth Rock!
Just come November
..... is the address,
But there'll be no *real* *thanksgiving*
Unless *you* answer, "Yes."

The first thing the boys and girls see when they enter the house is a large cushion over which has been thrown a gray blanket. This is labeled Plymouth Rock, and every guest who enters must *land* on top of this *rock* before he can be called a real Pilgrim.

A good game to get everybody acquainted is "Drop the handkerchief," after which all the players are asked to sit in a circle on the floor. A grown-up then chooses a boy for Captain Miles Standish or a girl to act as Priscilla Alden. He or she occupies the center of the circle, as the *leader* of the Puritans. A small wrapped parcel is then given Miles, who is told to feel of it *very carefully*, but not tell what he thinks it is. Instead, he must show by his actions what the parcel contains. Any player, who first guesses what the leader is trying to imitate, then changes places with him. The fun of this game is in choosing articles which, when wrapped carefully, may be very deceiving. Such a thing as a doll's washtub may turn out to be a drum, while a toy turkey may be an Indian doll in full regalia!

Having the refreshments near the beginning of a party always pleases everybody, at the same time making it possible to enjoy a game afterwards. Even grown-ups like to play games after eating instead of going home immediately, so let's be just as hospitable as we can, and invite every little Pilgrim to our Thanksgiving feast! Rather than say, "Will you please come into the dining room?" we shall do as the friendly Indians did three hundred years ago. They beat a tom-tom (which sounds very like a drum) and that was a sign of friendliness. So when a grown-up beats a drum, it usually means, "Welcome to our feast, little paleface!"

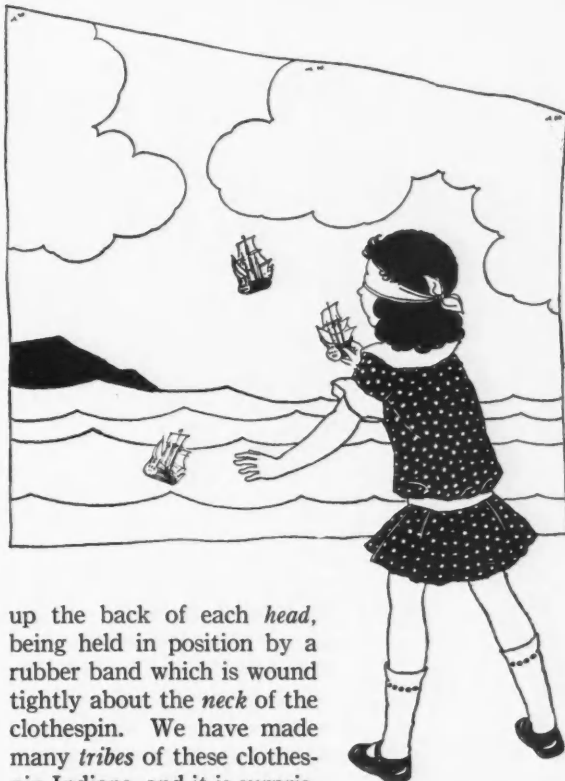
The dining table may be covered with pale yellow

crepe paper, over which autumn leaves are scattered. These are made of russet, red, brown, and yellow pieces of pasteboard cut in the shape of oak, maple and elm leaves. Real autumn leaves may be used, if available.

A large Jack-Horner pie occupies the center of the table. Unlike most pies of this sort however, this one requires only a shallow round hatbox, plenty of autumn leaves, and about fifteen minutes' time, to make.

If there are twelve guests at the table, then twelve square doors, or openings, should be cut out with scissors from the top edge of the hatbox. There being no lid, the hatbox is then turned upside down, in the center of the table, while underneath it are twelve small turkey-boxes filled with candy. Attached to these are twelve yellow ribbons which radiate outward through the openings, and end at each guest's place at table. The whole box is buried underneath a mound of real autumn leaves, which tremble and shake when the boys and girls pull the ribbons to receive their little turkey favors. The most adorable Puritan girls, in gray crepe-paper gowns with white paper kerchiefs around their necks, stand guard at every place. Should the guests peek underneath the little gray bonnets, however, they will find these Puritans to be — *lollipops!*

Place-cards are autumn leaves, while the napkin-holders are clothespins which have been wrapped in colorful wool *blankets*. Indian faces may be sketched on the clothespins in black ink, while a tiny real feather extends straight

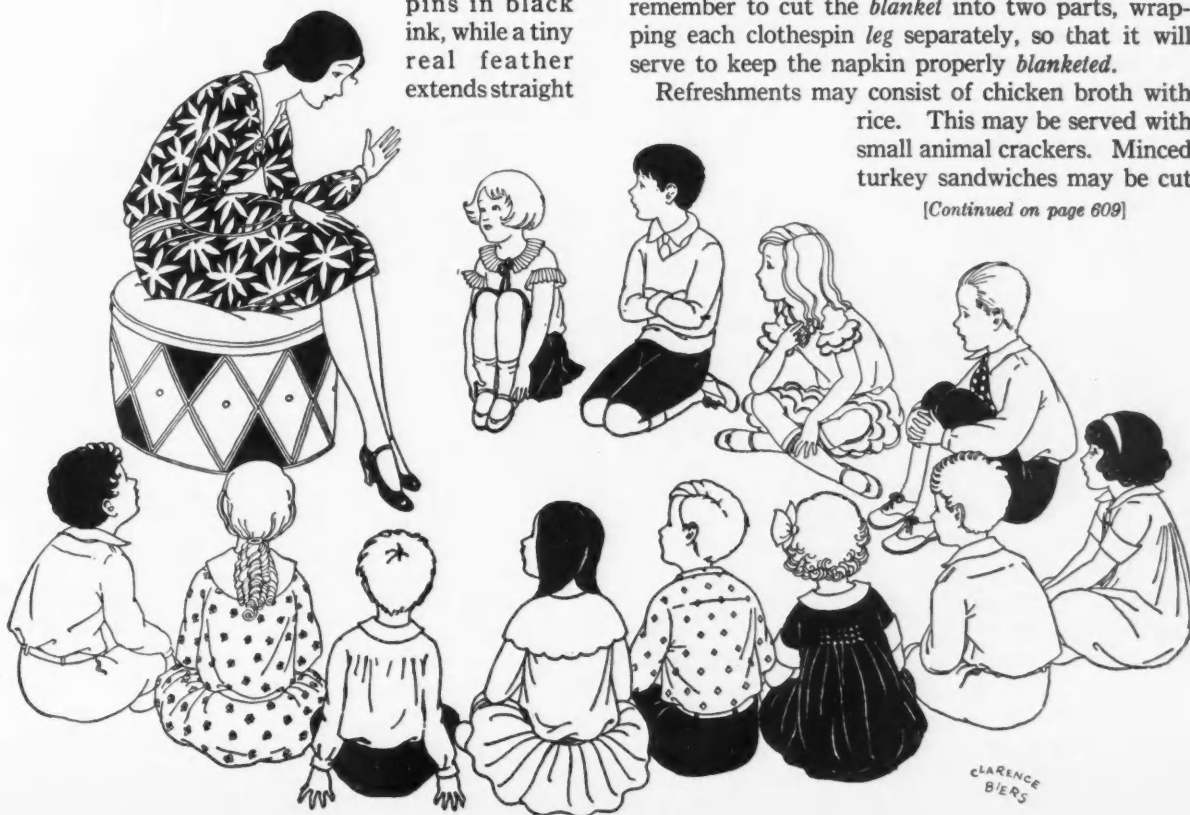


up the back of each head, being held in position by a rubber band which is wound tightly about the *neck* of the clothespin. We have made many *tribes* of these clothespin Indians, and it is surprising how many battles have been fought between the "Cherokee" and the "Blackfoot," right on the play-room floor!

In using Indians for napkin-holders, however, remember to cut the *blanket* into two parts, wrapping each clothespin *leg* separately, so that it will serve to keep the napkin properly *blanketed*.

Refreshments may consist of chicken broth with rice. This may be served with small animal crackers. Minced turkey sandwiches may be cut

[Continued on page 609]



CLARENCE
BIERS



Author of "Rain on the Roof," "The Pool of Stars," "The Trade Wind," "Clearing Weather," etc.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Mary Anne was not in the least afraid of the tall Indians, members of the Sioux tribe, who came to buy and sell at her father's trading station. John Seabold, her father, had tried to teach them better ways of living, and sometimes he even tried to make them understand how much better off they would be if they could stop their endless quarrels with the other tribes. But despite his kindness to them he could not yet tell if they were his friends; he only knew they were not enemies. Mary Anne's only playmate was Eric Thorveg, a boy some years older than herself, who made her a willow whistle, with which she could always call to him, and taught her how to make one like it. Another friend was Gray Eagle, the Sioux chief, who often talked to the children by means of signs and his scanty English, until at last they grew truly fond of him. One afternoon, as Mary Anne and her mother were watching the flock of turkeys and waiting for Eric, a sudden storm came up. At her mother's bidding Mary Anne ran after the frightened fowls to drive them home, and around a bend she came upon her Indian friend. He lifted her to the back of his deer-colored pony and jumped on behind. She tried to call to her mother, who was too far away to hear, and she tried to make Gray Eagle understand that he must take her home. But he only shook his head, and the horse carried them steadily away across the broad prairie.

An anxious week followed for Mary Anne's family and comrades. They knew one Indian custom of pledging friendship with a white man was to take the white man's child away to his camp for a week. And they knew, too, that the white man was supposed to show his trust in the Indian by waiting without question for his child's return.

So Mary Anne's family waited bravely. But when sundown of the seventh day brought no Mary Anne, Eric, John Seabold and three other men set off on horseback for Gray Eagle's village. And when they reached there they found it deserted and knew that the Arickarees, the enemy of the Sioux, had scattered this Sioux village.

There was no need for anyone to say, "And there is no knowing what has happened to Mary Anne."

John Seabold turned to tell Eric to keep with one of the older searchers. But the boy had already been taken with a plan of his own. He had chosen the trail leading from the shore toward the hills and had swung Sancho up the bank and had disappeared among the shadows.

PART III

MARY ANNE rode away on the loping pony, carried in front of Chief Gray Eagle, but she understood well that there was no danger before her, only some pleasant and exciting adventure. Eric had told her a little of what the Sioux had said of a custom among the Indians of taking white children, sometimes, to visit their villages. She looked up at Gray Eagle and knew that the puckers still to be seen on his leathery, red-brown face were meant for an Indian's smile.

Had he been a stranger she would have understood very clearly that she should never let him

entice her away. She would have struggled and fought and called for help until someone heard her in the cabin beyond the creek. But Gray Eagle was a friend of many weeks' standing. John Seabold, Mary Anne's father, liked and respected him; even her mother had lost her fear of him. She had heard her father say that the friendship of Gray Eagle and his people would mean much to the prosperity of the trade in the log store building. There was one thing, however, which must be settled. Mary Anne pointed once more, back toward the cabin and asked a question which she hoped Gray Eagle would understand.

"My mother—what will she think?"

His smile grew a very little broader.

"White squaw understand—not afraid."

Did he know perhaps that Eric, or that someone would explain to Jane Seabold this strange custom that the Indians had, of carrying away a white man's children to find out whether the white man would trust them?

It grew so dark presently that she could no longer see Gray Eagle's face. They rode so far and so late that presently, with her head against his gay blanket, she fell asleep.

She never knew, therefore, how far they had traveled before she was aroused suddenly by voices all about her and by a glare of red fires in her eyes.

The pony had stopped at last, in the midst of an Indian village much like the very small ones nearer to the cabin at home. But here were strange faces all about her, chattering squaws, peering, brown-faced children whom she had never seen before. The rows of camp

fires lit up the long lines of pointed lodges, showing a far larger settlement than any that she knew. She was still blinking and drowsy when a squaw lifted her down from the pony, carried her inside the gaping black door of the nearest wigwam and laid her upon a soft bed of buffalo robes where, in a moment, she was asleep again.

It was startling to wake in the morning, look about in that strange place and wonder how she came to be there. But there was breakfast of roast partridge and buffalo steak to be eaten; there was



a crowd of wondering, small, brown faces peering past the deer-hide curtain of the lodge door. All the children in Gray Eagle's village had hurried thither to stare at the marvel of a white child come to visit and to play with them.

When Mary Anne finally came running out, however, they seemed to forget that she was different and to accept her as one of themselves. One or two stroked her gingham dress with curious fingers, and then felt of their own scanty garments of tanned leather, as though wondering how there could be such a difference. Some bold ones even touched her bright, soft hair, so oddly unlike their rough, black locks. But most of them seemed to waste little thought upon the strangeness of her white skin and her blue checked dress, but fell to teaching her how to play their games of ball or showing her their ponies, brown and black, pinto and dapple gray. The horses were grazing in a great scattered herd all about the group of lodges, for Gray Eagle's village, while it contained no very vast number of people, was very rich in Indian wealth which is counted by the number of horses each family owns.

Every morning Mary Anne thought, "My father will come for me to-day." When evening came she would go to sleep thinking drowsily, "Surely he and Eric will come to-morrow."

She was not homesick, for there were too many new and exciting things to see and to do. It had happened several times that her father and mother had had to make the long journey to the nearest white man's town on business and for supplies, and had taken her to the house of one neighbor or another to stay until they came back. Therefore she was used to being away from home without wondering too much or asking questions. Her gingham dress was torn by the thorn bushes through which she ran and raced, playing ball with her new comrades. Gray Eagle's mother, the gentle-faced old squaw, Swift Pigeon, who cared for his lodge, gave her

a new dress of soft white deer skin, with fringes and porcupine quill embroideries. Her stout shoes seemed hard and clumsy beside the soft moccasins of the other children, so that Swift Pigeon made her a pair for herself, with round, puckered toes and bright beads around the ankles. Her hair was

bound with a red-embroidered leather band holding two wild-goose feathers. She had a pony of her own, a kind-hearted, old, rusty-brown fellow, who could gallop as fast as the rest, but who did not jump and buck as the others did.

Mary Anne rode him at full gallop along the dusty trails worn in the grass; she ran races with the girls her own size; she plunged and tumbled after the deer-hide ball, or watched the older children play the game of plum stones. There was little except her yellow hair to show that she was not an Indian.

A day arrived when the whole camp was full of talk and laughter and a great hustle of getting ready for something. That evening, so she was made to understand, the village was to hold its spring festival, the Dance of the Omahas. At this time all the babies who had been born within the year were to be given their names.

Everyone must help to get ready. A great space was cleared and made smooth just beyond the edge of the village. All the children, large and small helped to bring wood for the circle of fires which were to be lighted and kept burning all around the open ground where the dancing was to be.

It was just at sunset that the dance began. Every squaw came out of her lodge wearing all her beads, her chains of elks' teeth and of bears' claws. Every brave had his most splendid war-bonnet of eagle quills, red, yellow and blue, his lance with its swinging ornaments of colored feathers and his bow and arrows in their decorated quivers. The babies all lay upon the grass together at the center of the circle, wrapped in their gayest and most carefully embroidered coverings. The skin drums thumped, the gourd



rattles sounded, the tall warriors went round and round them in a great circle, dancing their strange, slow, stamping shuffle and calling the long *Ah-ha-ha*, *Ah-ha-ha* of their solemn chant. The medicine man, with his jangling necklaces and dangling charms, and his headdress of buffalo horns would take up one child after another and give it a name. The little thing would stare and blink at him and never make a sound. Indian babies seemed to learn very early that they must not cry.

Then the swinging dance began again. The sky grew very dark and the stars came out. Beyond the dancers, far over the plain the horses had scattered to graze. Sometimes in a pause of the chanting and the thumping of the drums, Mary Anne could hear a pony stamping or whinnying in the shadows. She leaned her head against Swift Pigeon's knee and saw the dancing circle seem to swing farther and farther away as her heavy eyelids drooped lower and lower.

Then suddenly there was a ringing shout, a stamping of thundering hoofs, and a great outcry going up all about her. Was it part of the dance, she wondered, but no, it could not be. Horses were charging across the open ground, scattering the fires, knocking the drums and the dancers in all directions. She could hear Gray Eagle calling orders to his warriors. It was by his command, probably, that the flaming fire brands were stamped out and the whole yelling confusion was plunged into darkness.

Mary Anne felt Swift Pigeon's strong, lean old arm gather her up. The little girl knew dimly that the squaw had also snatched up a baby from the ground, that she had caught the mane of a plunging pony and had somehow got the three of them, Mary Anne, the papoose and herself, upon its back. Then they were galloping away into the black emptiness of the prairie while the shouting grew

faint and far away behind them.

"What is it? What happened?" Mary Anne had to ask more than once before the old woman answered briefly,

"Arickarees."

She remembered hearing from her playmates that the powerful Arickaree Indians were the enemies of her friends the Sioux, and that they sometimes came in great bands, swooping down upon the village like hawks to steal the Sioux horses.

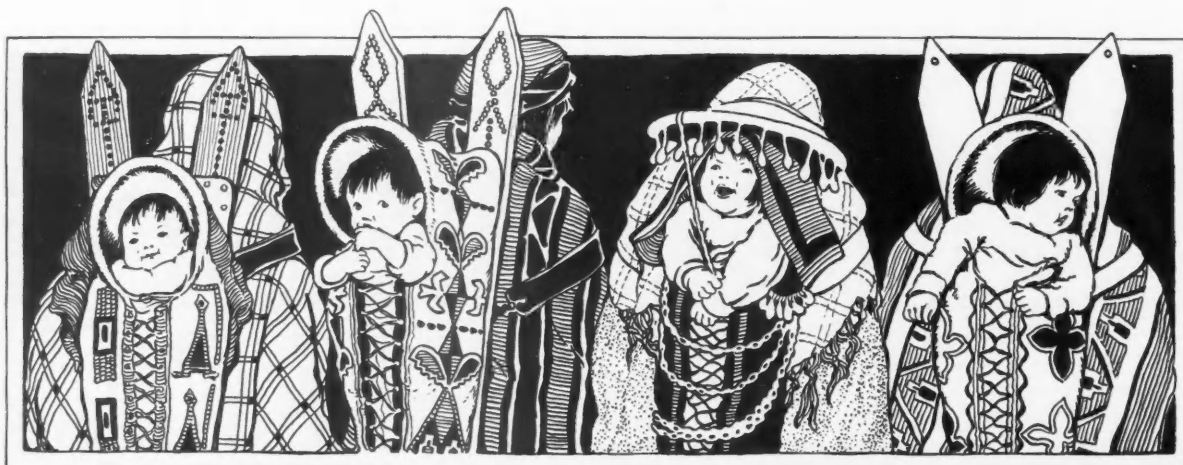
Were they fighting there behind her in the dark, she wondered. Would Gray Eagle and her playfellows be hurt? She managed to make Swift Pigeon understand her question and received the reply,

"No, too many."

When Indians are attacked by too great a force of the enemy, they are always quite wise enough to run away, to scatter like blown leaves in a thousand directions. Thus Gray Eagle, with his people and his horses, had vanished into the dark, just as they had done a hundred times before. If any of their ponies were captured by the Arickarees, they would be certain to get them back some day, by just the same kind of surprise attack in the night.

It was the yellow-maned horse with the fleet legs and the coat the color of a deer, which Swift Pigeon had caught in the dark. She urged him on and on, so far, finally, that his quick feet began to go unevenly in rough ground, and Mary Anne began to see low hills all about them, rising up against the starry sky. They were in strange country, farther away from the village than Mary Anne had ever ridden. They had traveled so far, she began to think that no one, friend or enemy, would be able to follow and find them.

(Part IV of "The Willow Whistle" will appear in the December issue of CHILD LIFE.)





Protected in this simple way...

STEPHEN B. ELKINS, III ...a skillful horseman at twelve

Stephen B. Elkins, III is the son of Mrs. Kenna Elkins of Washington. In this boy's family there have been eleven United States Senators

Since babyhood he's had a care all mothers can give

Stephen B. Elkins, III has a right to his quality of distinction. He comes from a long race of "gentle folk." For generations the state of West Virginia has been represented politically by an Elkins.

Stephen has all a boy's enthusiasms—books of adventure, camping, football, and above all, riding.

One reason the boy is so strong and well is that his mother has always carefully followed the advice of

famous child specialists. His outdoor life is planned to give him a sturdy body. His hearty boy's appetite is led along the lines it should go.

A food to start the day right

Mrs. Elkins sees to it that Stephen stows away his due portion of the food physicians urge for growing boys and girls. *Hot, cooked cereal.* Quite naturally, it is the cereal called the children's own—Cream of Wheat.

"When Stephen was a little baby his specialist recommended Cream of Wheat," says Mrs. Elkins. "Stephen ate it regularly when he was small, and we are just as careful about it now that he is a big boy."

Today the matter of eating *hot, cooked cereal* is given new emphasis

by men eminent in child care.

We recently made an investigation, in four great cities. 221 members of leading medical societies were asked their views. *Every one of them* approved Cream of Wheat.

You probably know why. It's because Cream of Wheat is abundantly rich in energy. And because it is so amazingly easy to digest.

Your boy and girl can join young Stephen in this important habit. Plan to start them off, regularly, with a good bowl of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.



Stephen loves camping in the Maine woods and all sports. His dog, Rowdy, is usually to be seen with him

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked cereal* at breakfast. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION, DEPT. R-26 MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Name of child.....

First name

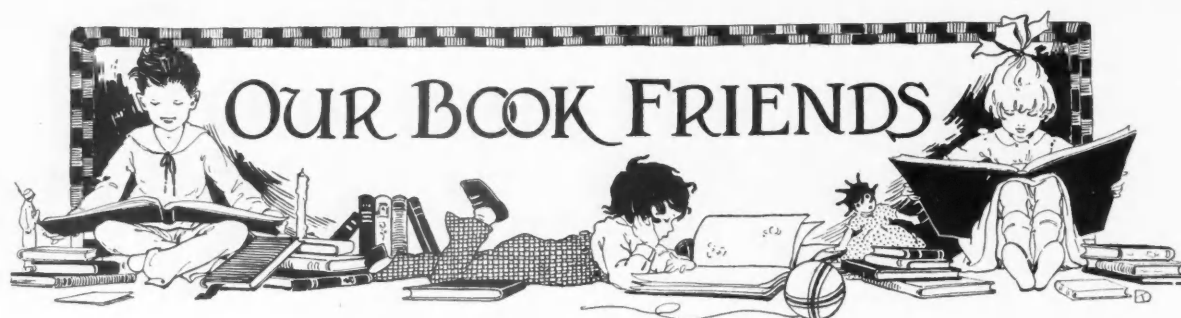
Last name

Street..... City..... State.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat check here.....

CREAM OF WHEAT

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By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library
Present Librarian, Hamilton Junior High School, Long Beach, California

Where shall I go a-traveling,
Traveling, traveling, traveling?
On the sea, in the air?
On the land—I don't care,
For I love to go
Traveling, traveling.

—Tippet—I Go A-Traveling.

In Dhan Mukerji's new book, *The Chief of the Herd*, we find this sentence: "Since the hero of a story must be the person who carries in his mind the real secrets of his experience, he alone can tell us about them."

Padraic Colum also tells us, in a glowing tribute to Aldis Dunbar, author of a splendid book of Irish stories, *The Sons of O'Cormac*, what it is that distinguishes a fine story from one which is not so worth while—"the stories left me with a sense of fullness—the sense that the story-teller knows of a whole world that he can draw from. . . . The tongue tells of what has been vivid to the eye and ear of one who has lived on the mountains or the wide heath. And the people in the stories have the sort of life that makes them easily distinguishable from people in stories that bookish writers have made up for children. All are very simple people as becomes characters in stories told for the sake of incident."

What the days and years of a lifetime may bring we know but little; yet always, whether the tale be within our experience or not, we recognize truth and genuineness. The books which breathe of real experiences, of personal charm, of adventure, we recognize as friends.

Distant lands grow familiar as season after season brings us the personal accounts of boys and girls at home in foreign countries. Who will resist *Myself When Young*, *A Boy in Persia*? The rug bazaar, the school with just one girl among twenty boys, the strong grandfather, the Kathoda—you will like the book.

What fun Hungarian children have! There is excitement and delight in *The Adventures of Andris*, from the first page to the very last. And in the book there is a fascinating map of Kelnek Farm where the mischievous Andris and his sister Kati live.

The map shows the children's home, the sheep's stables, the well, the gypsies' camp and even the oven for baking bread. On Easter Monday, during the harvest season, when Uncle Tóth told stories—we almost wish that we had grown up on Kelnek Farm ourselves!

Quickly through our thoughts there pass other friends who have brought to us, as Andris and Kati do, "the real secrets of their experience"—*The Children of the Mountain Eagle*, *Katrinka*, *Poppy Seed Cakes*, *What Happened to Inger Johanne*, *Annetje and Her Family*, *Roses of the Wind*, *Juniper Farm*, *Nannette of the Wooden Shoes*, *Michael of Ireland*.

Padraic Colum's *A Boy in Eirinn* is not a new story, but it is one we read again with interest. It comes to us this year in a new form with an additional chapter called "Finn O'Donnell Grows Up." Long before Finn grows up he makes a vagabond trip to Dublin, meets Tim Rogan and his pet pigeon and has an adventure with a Punch and Judy Show. In Dublin the boys see a circus which is quite different from the life which Norwood describes in *Circus Menagerie*.

The same qualities which make *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* stand out as a spirited and adventurous young person you will find again in still another little girl. And she has some of the same faults and follies. Alanna is a charming Irish girl with eyes the color of bluebells and a heart as light as thistle-down. Though Alanna had not the gift of money in her pocket she had the greater gift of a lively imagination. (Do you remember how homesick Heidi was in Frankfort?) Eventually Alanna comes to live with an uncle and aunt in America. Here she is quite as homesick for Ballycooly and the friends in the small Irish village as Heidi was for her Alm-Uncle.

And, in order that you may enjoy and know the same things together, we say of Alanna that she is someone who always understands. Without the slightest hesitancy, you may offer a girl like that *Eliza and the Elves*, *Billy Barnicoat*, *Come Hither*, *The Fairy Shoemaker*, *The Winged Horse*. Reading them, Alanna's eyes will shine and you may feel sure

[Continued on page 611]



come... come, here they are!

MIKI

by Maud and Miska Petersham

Miki goes adventuring in Hungary with Sari, the goose, and Matyi, the shepherd's dog. A gorgeous picture-book illustrated in six colors. \$2.00

A MONKEY TALE

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Jocko, the jungle child, tells how he met a "horrible old croc" in this amusing picture book. \$.75

POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF PARK

by Rachel Field

It wasn't really a park—but Timothy and the other children wanted to keep it. A gay little story by the author of "Polly Patchwork." \$.75

COCO THE GOAT

by Rhea Wells

Coco danced at a wedding and had many good times in his little Spanish village. By the author of "Peppi the Duck." \$2.00

TILLY-TOD

by Elizabeth Janet Gray

Little Quaker twins who looked so much alike they were called by one name. Illustrated. \$1.50

FATMA WAS A GOOSE

by Dahris Butterworth Martin

How the Lucky Hand of Fatma helped a little Tunisian goose to visit the Bey. Illustrated. \$2.00

THE GREEDY GOROO

by Edith Rickert

He ate more than anybody in the whole world—and the story of his surprising career is told by the author of "The Bojabi Tree." Illustrated. \$.75

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by Caroline Dale Snedeker

Dickey Bull finds the Mohawk Arrow of Courage and meets some famous characters out of American history. Illustrated by Manning de V. Lee. \$2.00

FORTY GOOD MORNING TALES

by Rose Fyleman

About a pirate with a passion for pickled onions—and other amusing humans and fairies. Illustrated by Erick Berry. \$2.00

ALL AROUND THE TOWN

by Marjorie Flack

Fun in New York with a little boy from the Maine coast. Many illustrations by the author. \$2.00



On the road to Budapest in MIKI.



Timothy Toomey and the Black Iron Boy in POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF PARK.



Coco, whose adventures are told in COCO THE GOAT.



THE GREEDY GOROO who had a surprising journey.

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THE THREE SILLIES

PUZZLE—

FIND THE SUITOR

By HELEN HUDSON



"Ducky
Lucky"

THE SPIRIT OF MODERN JUVENILE STYLES

"Goosey
Loosey"

is happily expressed in Minneapolis "M" Garments, thanks to the experience and knowledge gained in supplying infants' and children's undergarments for three generations. Minneapolis "M" Garments combine tailored fit, perfect comfort, careful finish, unusual washability and wearability with all their modern style appeal.

Every underwear need for infants and children from birth to sixteen. Infants' shirts, bands, binders, panty waists; children's union suits, waist union suits and combinations in all desired fabrics—at popular prices.

MINNEAPOLIS
GARMENTS
*Modern underwear and sleeping garments
for every age of childhood*

Minneapolis "M" Pajamas of flowered flannelette are gay and colorful. "M" Bi-Knit Sleepers for boys and girls are made of ingenious single thickness knitted fabric with soft cotton inside and part wool outside.

Look for the Minneapolis "M" trademark in the children's garments you buy. It is a symbol of style, durability and complete satisfaction. Write us, if you cannot find the "M" Garments you want.

Minneapolis Knitting Works
Minneapolis, Minn.

One feels very daintily dressed in this stylish rayon combination.

This little girl wears the "M" waist UnionSuits with brief French pantie lines.

Playing or sitting, this little girl is comfy in her Minneapolis "M" waist union suit.

Baby's Shirt is comfy, too, smooth seamed, snug, soft and warm.

"My Word!" exclaims the duck, "what real-looking flowers on these flannelette pajamas"

His "M" Bi-Knit sleep suit keeps him warm while he nibbles his bedtime cookie.

As soft and warm as the kitten's fur is the Minneapolis "M" union suit this girl wears.



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for every age of childhood*

Minneapolis "M" Pajamas of flowered flannelette are gay and colorful. "M" Bi-Knit Sleepers for boys and girls are made of ingenious single thickness knitted fabric with soft cotton inside and part wool outside.

Look for the Minneapolis "M" trademark in the children's garments you buy. It is a symbol of style, durability and complete satisfaction. Write us, if you cannot find the "M" Garments you want.

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One feels very daintily dressed in this stylish rayon combination.

This little girl wears the "M" waist Union Suits with brief French pantie lines.

Playing or sitting, this little girl is comfy in her Minneapolis "M" waist union suit.

Baby's Shirt is comfy, too, smooth seamed, snug, soft and warm.

"My Word!" exclaims the duck, "what real-looking flowers on these flannelette pajamas"

His "M" Bi-Knit sleep suit keeps him warm while he nibbles his bedtime cookie.

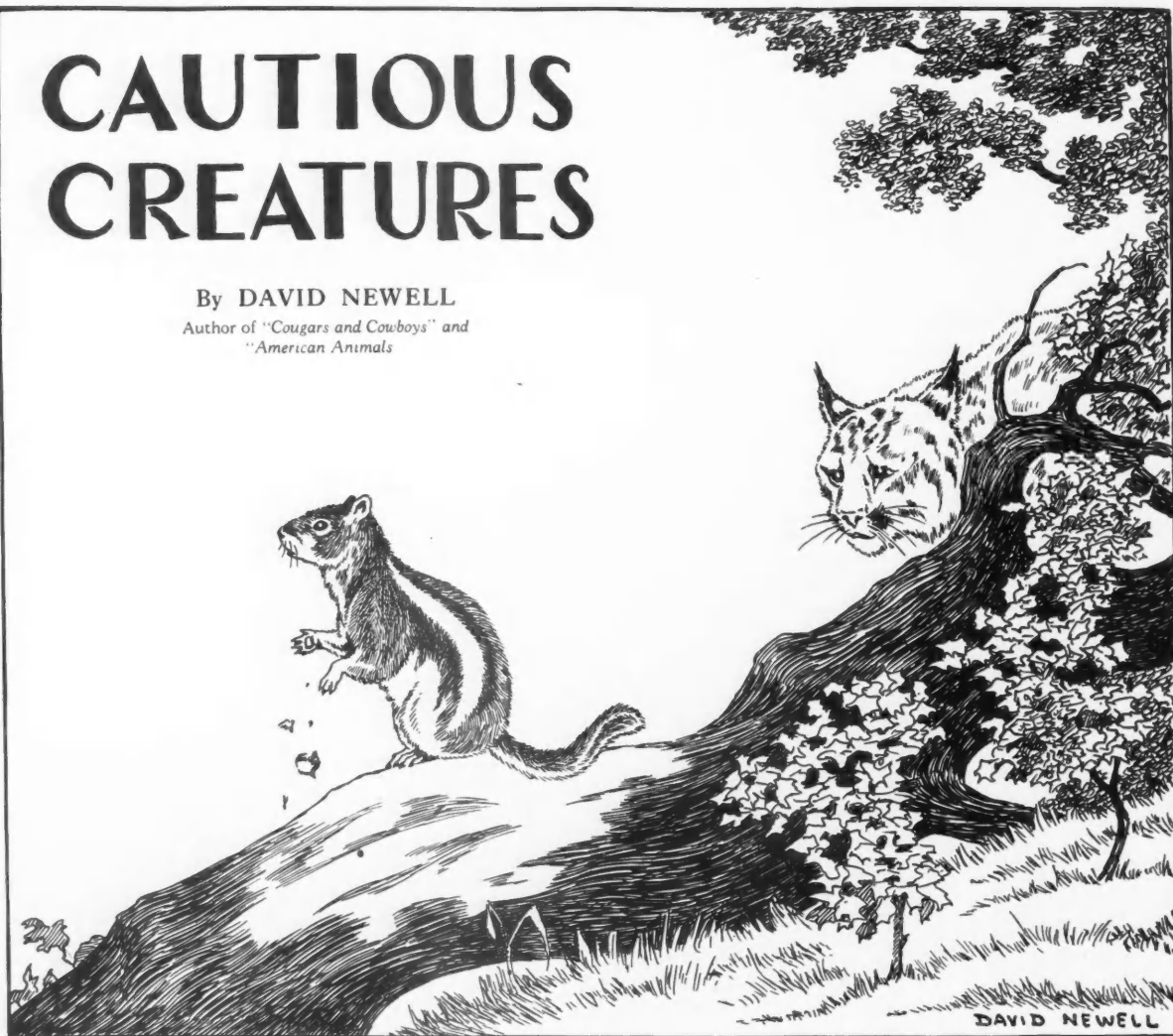
As soft and warm as the kitten's fur is the Minneapolis "M" union suit this girl wears.



CAUTIOUS CREATURES

By DAVID NEWELL

Author of "Cougars and Cowboys" and
"American Animals"



CHIPMUNK

PERHAPS you think that this little chipmunk doesn't know what danger he is in. Certainly he hasn't seen the old bobcat that has sneaked up through the leaves, but chipmunk doesn't have to see! His little black nose is always wiggling to catch any scent of danger, and he knows that there is a bobcat behind him just as well as if he were looking right straight at it.

Of course, the bobcat knows a good deal about hunting and so he came creeping up with the wind in his face. In this way he felt sure the chipmunk wouldn't smell him, and he would have been right if there hadn't come a cross current of air—just a little gust that wafted the strong cat scent to chipmunk's nose. Chipmunk, as you see, was busy eating an acorn, but the instant he discovered the presence of an enemy he dropped the acorn. Now his little hind legs are tense and every muscle in his body is ready for use. In the next second he'll whisk himself under the log and down a hole!

Since chipmunk is so small, he has many foes to fear, and life for him is just a continual look-out. He must remember that there are hawks in the air, foxes, bobcats, and other animals of prey on the ground, and he must even be careful when he is playing along the edge of a stream. If he were to fall in, a big bass or muskellunge might grab him!

Chipmunk lives in a hollow log, in a hole under a stump, or in a crevice in the rocks, whichever suits him best. He can climb pretty well, but unlike tree squirrels he doesn't mind going down a hole in the ground. So he has more than one way of dodging his foes. As a rule he has several entrances to his home, and if an enemy comes in one door, chipmunk runs out another!

There are several different kinds of chipmunks, but the one you see here is the golden chipmunk. He lives in the west and is the most richly-colored of all the ground squirrels, although not as slim and graceful as some of the others.

(For contest direction see page 591)



CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS



Chip, while waiting for his Thanksgiving dinner, ran into a milk bottle perched on some slippery stairs. They tumbled down the Milky Way together.



A milk-white puppy took to the woods, while the chums stopped making a snow man in order to dog their dog's steps and coax him back.



They lost him, though, and deeper and deeper into the blizzardy woods they went, whistling and peering behind each bush. Suddenly Betsy Ann cried, "Listen!"



It was Chip's bark down in a snowy ravine. There they found him making friends with a ragged boy who had fallen and caught his foot in a snag.



HAZEL FRAZEE

Dick's sled brought both of them back to one of Grandmother's famous Thanksgiving dinners and soon they were too full for utterance.



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A selection from our 1929 list of unusual books from America and Europe

The Magic Switch

By Fjeril Hess. Pictures by Neva K. Brown.

A fairy tale about a little girl who discovers that the forest is full of magic people. \$2.00

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A tale of Norway of long ago. \$1.75

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Sally, a lonely old lady one day caught a fairy in a trap, from that moment on her life was full of excitement. \$1.00



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WHAT HAPPENED TO ANDY ACORN

By ALICE CRAIG PRESTON



CLOSE to the edge of a woodland a large stone lay, where the hot sun always beat down upon it and made it very uncomfortable. One day a little acorn dropped upon the old stone and lay there day after day. This acorn's name was Andy and soon he became very discontented with his hard resting place.

"It's so hot here," he complained, "and this stone is so hard. Some of these days I'm just going to dry up and die. And I would like to live so much." He was almost crying.

As time passed Andy Acorn kept wishing and wishing that he could find a better home, and so it happened that one day old Mr. Wind heard him crying about it. Then, because he is very tender-hearted, he blew a little puff of wind right at Andy, and as sure as you live, he just rolled right off the hot hard stone and fell into the soft, cool grass.

Now Andy Acorn was happy and contented. But by and by he began wishing again.

He was in the shade now and the soft grass covered him, so he should have been very comfortable, but one day he awakened shivering. Then suddenly he thought of Mr. Sun, who used to keep him so warm.

"Oh dear, I wish I could get warm again," he exclaimed. "How can I ever get warm way down here in the grass?"

This time someone else heard his wish. It was Gertie Grasshopper, who was nibbling at a leaf near-by.

"You're a baby, Andy Acorn!" she said scornfully. "Why don't you stand on your tiptoes and let yourself grow a little. Then you could get warm"

"But I haven't any tiptoes, Gertie Grasshopper.

What are they?" "Haven't any tiptoes? How silly! Of course, you have them. They must be somewhere down inside that house of yours. Just feel around and see if you cannot find them."

So Andy Acorn squirmed around in his shell and, sure enough, he saw two little white things moving around whenever he moved. "There're some funny little white things in here, but they aren't tiptoes."

"Oh yes, they are. Just stick them out and see."

So slowly and carefully, Andy Acorn put out his tiny white feet and stood up.

"Oh, I can see better, and it is warmer!" he exclaimed in delight. "Thank you, Gertie Grasshopper."

"You're welcome, Andy, and now I'll tell you something else. If you just put your head out of your door and look up you can see better than ever."

Andy poked his little head out of his shell and looked up into the sky. He could see the sun between the trees, and the birds sang so sweetly that

he wondered why he had never thought of looking outside before.

"I wonder if I couldn't see better if I were taller," he thought suddenly. "Maybe, if I try very hard, I can make myself grow a little."

So day after day, Andy Acorn pushed his head a little higher, and soon he could see all around him.

"How nice this is!" he said.

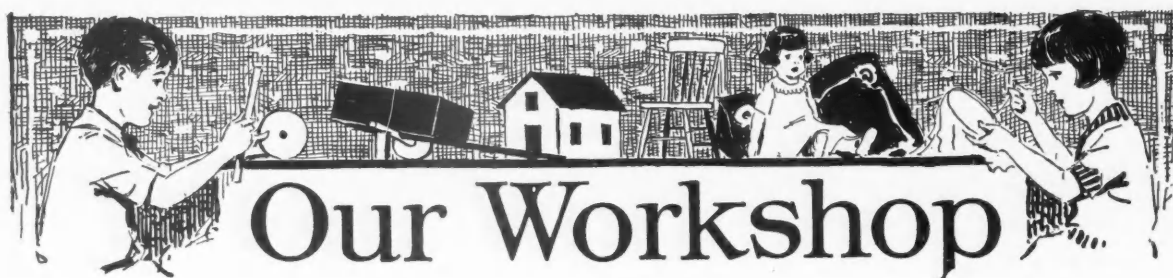
"Still I wish I

could see the sun without having to look through the trees. Perhaps I can some day if I keep on growing."

Then Andy made up his mind to keep on trying and so, as time passed, he grew and grew and grew, until one wonderful day he thrust his head through the tree branches, and he could see for miles and

[Continued on page 589]





PROBABLY you have some of the small metal airplanes that sell for five and ten cents. Every boy I know owns a squadron of them. They look fine, in their bright colors, on a miniature flying field laid out on a table or on the floor. You can make them taxi on their landing gears. You can imagine that they are ready to take off, or that they have just come down. But what else can you do with them? I have given this matter thought, and have found several interesting possibilities.

Here is a way to have fun. Build a toy hangar like that in Figure 1 of the diagrams. Then rig up a device for shooting the airplane into the air. This may sound foolish. You will say that the airplane would fall to the floor and break. True enough, if we allow it to fall, but we will provide a strong linen thread for it to slide upon. This thread is shown in Figure 1, but it hardly will be noticeable.

A plan of the toy hangar is shown in Figure 2. This is a view looking down on the toy. In this

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "Making Things with Tools," "Big Book of Boys' Hobbies," "Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys," etc.

A TOY HANGAR THAT LAUNCHES A TOY AIRPLANE

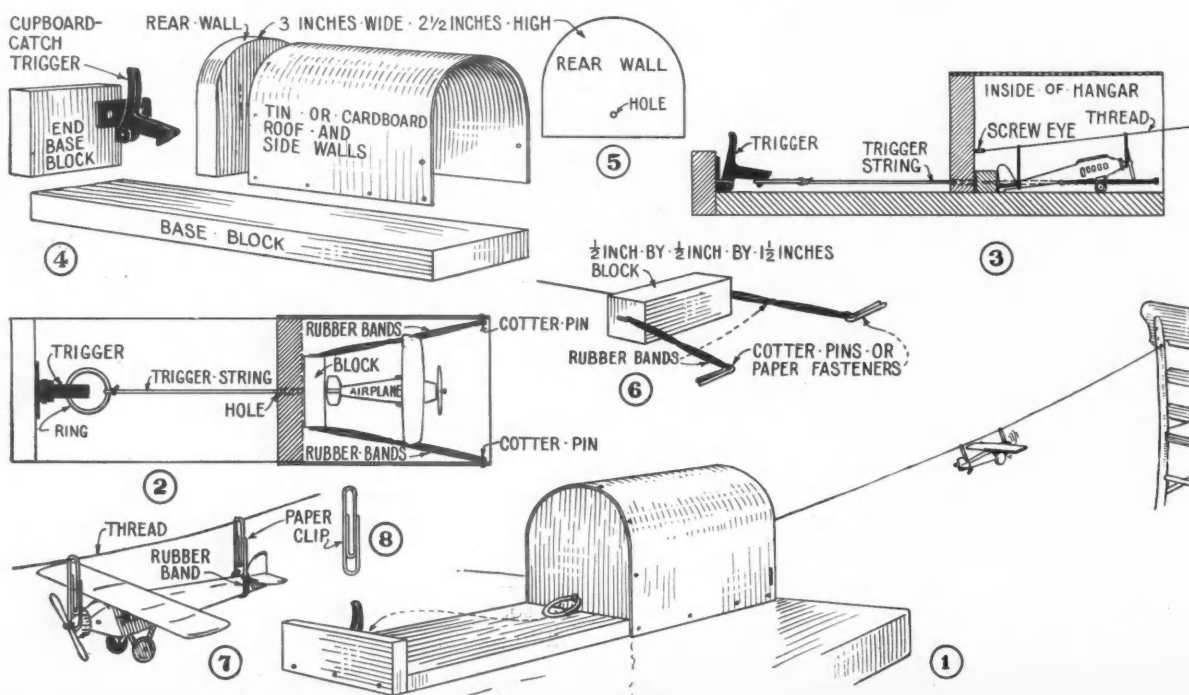
plan I have shown the hangar as it would appear if we cut off the roof. Figure 3 shows a side view of the hangar. But here the picture shows the inside,

as though we sawed the hangar in half and pulled away one half. The diagonal lines indicate the parts that would be cut through to make this picture. Such a picture is called a "section."

First, build the hangar. Figure 4 shows the parts. Cut the base blocks 3 inches wide and 9½ inches long, cut the rear wall of the hangar 3 inches wide and 2½ inches high, and cut the end base block 3 inches wide, and 1½ inches high. Use box boards.

Because the roof of the hangar is curved, the rear wall must be curved. Figure 5 shows a pattern for the rear wall. Use the rim of a jelly glass to mark around, to draw the curved top. You can cut these pieces with a coping saw or other small saw. Bore a small hole through the block, ½ inch above the bottom, for a string to run through.

[Continued on page 601]



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JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND



Robert and Ruth Visit the Home of Ovaltine

LAST one to tag Cousin Carl is a goop!" shouted Ruth.

"Then *you're* one!" laughed Robert, reaching the goal first after a breathless scamper.

Ruth, a close second, hugged Cousin Carl, who had watched the race with interest.

"I guess he drinks more Ovaltine than I do—and has just that much more pep!" she admitted, panting.

Cousin Carl nodded. "I wouldn't mind a glassful, myself, before I take you two out riding in my new car," he said.

Ruth hugged him again. "It *is* delicious and I'll make us all some," she answered hospitably. "Three spoonfuls in a cup of hot milk, you know, with just a little sugar. That's the way to take it this time of year now that the cold weather is coming on. Of course all through the summer we've been shaking it up cold and it's delicious that way too."

A few moments later all three of them were speeding along the boulevards, admiring the gold and crimson trees that lined the Illinois roads. After a time the car drew up before a fine new group of buildings at Villa Park.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Ruth. "What place is this?"

Cousin Carl explained. "This is just one of the many big Wander Ovaltine factories that are scattered all over the globe and supply the whole world. From this one Ovaltine is shipped to all parts of the United States."

"It should be called a wonder factory from the look of it," remarked Robert. "Yes," said Cousin Carl. "Wait 'til you get inside. It's still more wonderful in there. What do you say? Let's go in."

"Just what we've always wanted to do!" said Robert. "Come on, Ruth."

A smiling guide led them to an empty elevator, let Ruth press a button, and at once they were gliding up to the top floor.

"This afternoon you are going to see some highly educated machinery," Cousin Carl told them, "machinery that carries the food up and downstairs, sifts it, weighs it, stirs it up, dries out the moisture, adds other foods, breaks it, cuts and crushes it, packs and seals it up. And other machinery takes such good care to keep it clean that it even washes, dries and

cools the air of the factory!"

"How wonderful!" said Ruth, and Robert whistled.

"Yes, it is wonderful," agreed Cousin Carl, "just to think that the very air you breathe in this factory is cooled and cleaned before it is allowed to enter. I've never seen a factory in which so much attention is paid to keeping things spic and span and so many detailed precautions taken to prevent a speck of dust touching the product all the time it is being made. Every piece of equipment and every nook and corner you see in this building seems to breathe well ordered cleanliness."

At the top floor they all got out of the elevator. "This is a storage hold for some of the raw material," explained the guide. "See all those freight cars down there in the yard? Daily they roll into the factory from far-off parts, full of grain which is brought way up here and stored."

Then, as they followed their guide from room to room, they followed also the grain as step by step it became mingled with other highly nourishing food ingredients and finally turned itself into a can of Ovaltine, the drink they liked so well.

Huge kettles, evaporators, tanks and machinery in bewildering array met their gaze as they passed on through.

"Look at that great big oven with all those trays in it," said Robert. "Why, that's almost as big as the bedroom I sleep in!"

"You wouldn't sleep long in that; anyway not while it's working," said Cousin Carl. "You see all the air is taken out of it so that a low temperature can be used and so that important and vital food parts won't be destroyed."

"For instance," he continued, "Ovaltine contains a very important substance that can digest starches or starch foods such as oatmeal, bread,

potatoes, etc., which form such a large part of our daily food. This substance is called diastase but it would be killed—destroyed—if too high a temperature were used in any part of the process. We'll talk about that later when we get down into the chemical laboratory and see the head chemist. That's one of the most important and interesting parts of this place, and it's where all the raw materials are carefully analyzed and tested as well as

(Continued on page 614)





MOLASSES TAFFY—AND SOMETHING ELSE

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.



A LONG toward Thanksgiving Day there are likely to be many rainy afternoons—times when the twilight settles early and there is a nice long time for doing jolly stunts in the house. That's the time when we have a "taffy pull" at our home and such fun as it is! We are sure that all the Child Life Cooks will want our recipe so that they can share the fun—and the taffy.

Do you like to make candy? Never tried? Now, think of that! When you buy your candy at the store, you get only half the fun, the eating half, and for our part we think the making half is quite as much fun as the eating. We make several kinds of candy at our house—fudge, and honey taffy and so on, but for November we like a good old-fashioned molasses taffy the best of all. It is so golden and luscious; it smells so good while cooking and tastes so delicious when finished that we have chosen it for our recipe this month and we are sure that you will like it as we do, once you've made it.

We might mention right here that molasses is a most interesting food made from sugar cane. Before the days when sugar in many varieties could be purchased, as now, before the days of many candy shops and the great variety of sweets offered to us now, people used molasses constantly. From it they made gingerbread and brown bread, spice cakes and candy and with it they sweetened their cereal. That may seem odd to us because we have such a variety of sweets that we can hardly imagine having only one. But in the olden days people didn't think themselves poor in having only molasses, nor were they. It is such a wholesome and delicious food that we use lots of it now and it is becoming more and more popular again, even though there are all the other sweets from which we may choose. No wonder we want to make molasses candy—it's high time we did!

But before we begin with the real candy lesson, there is one subject we have promised to talk about this month and it is an especially important subject

if we are to pull taffy. It's cleanliness—plain, ordinary, soap and water cleanliness.

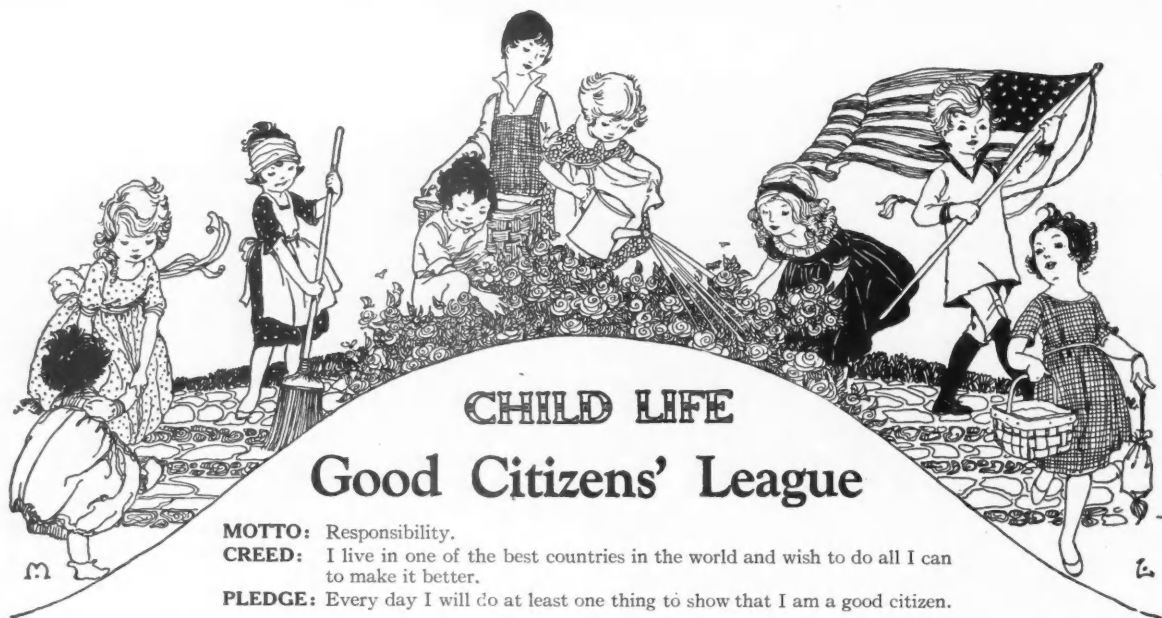
When we began our Child Life Kitchen, we talked every

month about clean fingers and fresh aprons and caps and such; but of late we have been so busy cooking that we haven't mentioned the subject and, really, when new cooks come into the kitchen, they might suppose we didn't care about cleanliness, when, truly, we care very much. We scrub our hands before beginning any work in the kitchen; we clean our nails and we always put on a cap and apron. Perhaps the cap isn't as important as the apron, but we like to wear it because it looks as though we meant business and it keeps our hair tidy while we work. Then, after all that, if we handle food in the making, as, for instance, making biscuits or pulling taffy, we wash our hands again just before touching the food so as to be perfectly certain that no grime or dirt shall spoil our workmanship. And we know every cook in our kitchen will want to be just that particular.

While we are talking about cleanliness, we might as well speak of the kitchen, too. When we are through working we always, *always* tidy up the kitchen and leave it just as clean and orderly as we found it. And listen while we tell a secret—keeping ourselves and the kitchen and all the utensils tidy is the main reason why we are allowed to go on cooking each month. If we left a muss—but then, we never do! So we don't find out *how*

[Continued on page 615]





CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

CHILDREN'S BOOK MONTH

I'M GLAD Children's Book Week comes just before Thanksgiving," said David. "I know I'm more thankful for my books than almost anything."

"Me, too," said Miriam. "Why, just think, how lonesome it would be without them."

"Yes," said Miss Bradley, the counselor of the Brocton Good Citizens' League, "we find most of our adventures in our books. It might not be very safe for you to live on a desert island, each by yourself,—at least, your mothers wouldn't think so—but you can have the fun of living on a desert island when you read 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

It was that way about a great many things, they decided. How limited their lives would be without their books! Through their reading they came to know how the boys and girls in other countries lived and they felt acquainted in every age. They knew the thoughts of knights, of gay troubadours of old France, of the merry followers of Robin Hood and of the early Pilgrim children in America. There were always adventures to be found between the covers of a good book—jolly adventures such as they themselves might have partaken in, fantastic adventures which could take place only in the imagination but all of them adven-

NOVEMBER ACTIVITIES

1. I read about William Cullen Bryant, who was born November 3, 1794.
2. I read about Oliver Goldsmith, who was born November 10, 1728.
3. I read about Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who was born November 11, 1836.
4. I read about Robert Louis Stevenson, who was born November 13, 1850.
5. I read about George Eliott, who was born November 22, 1819.
6. I read about William Blake, who was born November 28, 1757.
7. I read about Louisa Alcott, who was born November 29, 1832.
8. I read about Mark Twain, who was born November 30, 1835.
9. I helped with a Children's Book Week play or celebration.
10. I earned the money myself to buy a book.
11. I mended an old book, so it would last longer.
12. I got a list of good books to read from my librarian or teacher.
13. I helped make a book poster.
14. I made a bookplate.
15. I put my book back in the bookcase when I finished reading it.
16. I learned how the public library in my district is supported.
17. I made a list of the books I have read.
18. I made a list of five artists who illustrate children's books.
19. I made a list of my five favorite children's authors.
20. I helped with an Armistice Day celebration.
21. I read the story of the first Thanksgiving.
22. I memorized a Thanksgiving poem.
23. I helped prepare a Thanksgiving basket for a needy family.
24. I helped with a Thanksgiving dinner.
25. I made a list of many of my reasons for being thankful.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good citizenship deeds are recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Although it is desirable to do as many of the good citizenship deeds suggested above as possible, it is not necessary, and any good deed that you record will count. At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper, then each day you can record the date and your deed (or deeds) for that day. Send your November lists in time to reach us by December 5, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll. If a grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, she may send us a list of the members, with the number of Honor Points each one deserves.

tures which made their lives richer and more interesting. And in their books they found friends, whom they came to know even better than the boys and girls they played with every day.

"Let's have a Children's Book Crusade," suggested Elizabeth, "and each one of us can earn the money to buy at least one book. I've been reading about the Children's Crusade in 1212, when thousands of children tried to reach the Holy Land; but we'll make our book crusade end more happily."

The Brocton Good Citizens' League was always industrious, but from now on, the members were more industrious than ever. There were sidewalks to be cleaned, errands to be run, dishes to be dried, candy to be made and sold, and the savings of each one grew steadily. And, in addition, they were asked to present a book play at the book fair which several of the teachers were getting up to earn money for the school library.

On Thanksgiving morning David held up his new, beautifully-illustrated edition of "Robin Hood" for his family to see. "This is one of the reasons I'm thankful this November," he said.

And in the home of each member of the Brocton Good Citizens' League, there was a boy

or a girl who was thankful for the same cause.

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils of your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for them.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, Child Life Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Honor Roll for August

Louise Ballerstedt
Helen Braungard
Dorothy Cirden
Sara De Ford
Dorothy De France
Myrtle Perdon
Dorothy Finkelstein
Iva Sue Gatlin
Kathleen Gatlin
Alice George
Mildred Hart
Keith Hoffman

John Jenkins
Robert Jenkins
Rose Kugler
Gladie Longbrake
Janet Mahulsen
Gail F. Minter
Margery Pope
Robert H. Richardson
Doris Roglien
Dorothy Webber
Vivian Whitehead



WHAT HAPPENED TO ANDY ACORN

(Continued from page 583)

miles around, while the sun shone warmly on him from above.

"Oh, I'm glad I tried to grow!" he said. "Now I can see everything and I'm the happiest tree in all the world."

One bright summer day a man and several boys came through the woods looking for a place to have a picnic.

"None of these trees are very good," complained one of the boys. "They are all crooked and don't give much shade. We cannot have a picnic here."





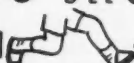








"Just look here! Isn't this a dandy?" cried out another boy. "See the nice, straight trunk, and all the shade it gives. This is the best tree in the whole woods!"

The other boys came running and all crowded around the tree and admired it together.

"It surely is a beautiful tree," said the man, slowly. "Let's call this the picnic tree and have our picnic here every year."

"Yes, let's!" shouted all the boys happily and started homeward to begin their preparations.

And Andy Acorn, now a strong oak tree, and the most beautiful one in the forest, felt so wonderfully happy that he waved his long branches in the air. And the wind, rustling gently through his leaves, sounded just like a song of joy.

I'm a little  named Jimmie Brown. I go  to the largest in town. This year I'm going to play  I'm no longer weak, as I was last fall. My  are strong. My  are fleet Since the  DOCTOR told me what food to eat. He ordered Wheatena so sun-browned and good He said it was full of the good things that would Build strong, healthy  and now  every day I eat a big  Mother says I may have as much as I like. Wheatena always tastes good Just like rich toasted —it's a wonderful food! I'll keep eating Wheatena and when I'm 21 I'll play college  like my Uncle John. I'll make lots of  'twill be easy for me For  will make me as strong as can be!



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MAKING SACHETS

By EUNICE M. KOESEL

FLORA and Betty were very happy, for Mother had promised to show them how to make something that they could use for gifts for their friends. When they hurried to the sun porch in answer to her call, this is what they saw on the table: a box of many different-colored envelopes (left from various boxes of writing paper), a jar of paste, a jar of sachet powder, some old magazines, cotton, scissors, ribbon, Flora's box of water color paints and stencils, and a box of crayons.

Mother explained that they were going to make sachets. Flora looked in her box of stencils for a bird or flower design and when she found one the right size, she painted it very carefully on an envelope. Betty was smaller than Flora and did not use paints so well, so she colored her stencil with crayons. After they had used most of the small designs, they looked through the magazines for pretty little pictures and cut them out carefully and pasted them on some of the envelopes.

After the paint and paste had had time to dry, they cut the cotton the shape of the envelope, only a little smaller, so that it would slip in easily and be flat. They put it in very carefully, to keep it smooth, and then sprinkled in plenty of sachet powder, sealed the envelopes and tied them with narrow ribbon.

Betty made a very pretty one of gray with two little red birds in the corner and tied with red ribbon. Another attractive one was of blue with yellow butterflies on it and tied with yellow ribbon. Flora, true to her name, liked flowers best. Her favorite was pink with violets on it and tied with pink ribbon.

The girls had a lovely day and by late afternoon had completed eight sachets and made plans for many more.

CAUTIOUS CREATURES

CONTEST

ON PAGE 580 you will find a story and picture of "Flying Squirrel," fourth of six stories and pictures about animals to be published in the Cautious Creatures Contest, which David Newell, the well-known artist naturalist, is conducting for the readers of CHILD LIFE. In the August issue you read about "Gray Squirrel," in the September number about "Deer," in the October issue about "Jack Rabbit." Choose three of the animals in the contest and write a story about them. This story must not be over five hundred words in length and should tell how each of the three animals escapes its enemies, where it lives, and what it eats.

There will be eight prizes for the best stories. The first prize will be a pet puppy and an autographed copy of David Newell's interesting new book, "American Animals." The second prize will be autographed copies of "Cougars and Cowboys" and "American Animals," both by Mr. Newell; the next six prizes will be copies of the animal book.

When the contest is concluded (the last story and picture of the contest will appear in the January issue), send your stories to David Newell, care CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., before January 12, 1930. You do not have to buy CHILD LIFE in order to enter the contest. Copies may be read at our office or at nearly all public libraries.



GOING AWAY

AILEEN L. FISCHER

I CAN'T go over
to John's to play

Cause how would they know,
If I went away,

That this white house
and locust tree

And this sand pile . . . all
belong to ME?

Now in the Homes of 2,500,000 Children

The BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

The Children's Encyclopedia



Can You Answer Their Questions In a Way That Satisfies Them?

What makes the snow fall?
Why does the sea taste salt?
Why do we sleep?

How does a cow make its milk?
Where does the sun go at night?
Why do we have finger-nails?

IT IS usually the most familiar subjects for which we have no clear explanations to give the children. Yet these eager questions are but the beginning of your child's desire to learn. Send for the free booklet of informational pages and striking educational pictures from The Book of Knowledge and you will see how simply, easily, naturally the children's curiosity may day by day be turned into important knowledge.

The Knowledge of the World

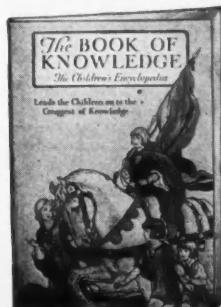
In the most delightfully entertaining manner, with thousands of wonderful pictures, The Book of Knowledge gives children an indispensable knowledge of the world in which they live—answers their questions, tells of sun, moon and stars, shows them the great work-

shops of industry, tells of Nature's many-sided life, of their own wonderful bodies, of foreign lands, of our own country. The treasures of art and literature are shown. Stories, poems and educational games offer the best type of entertainment.

Pictures That Teach

The Book of Knowledge is the finest example of visual education. The world-knowledge is spread before the child in 15,000 fascinating pictures, every one of which tells something important to know or something delightful to think about. These are an education in themselves, a striking, unforgettable picture-gallery of knowledge, making clear at a glance facts impossible to grasp by the written word alone.

This Beautiful Free Booklet is a Gift That Your Child Will Love



THE GROlier SOCIETY, Dept. 255

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New York, N. Y.

You may send me free for my children the beautiful new booklet, "The Conquest of Knowledge," from the new edition of The Book of Knowledge.

Name

Address

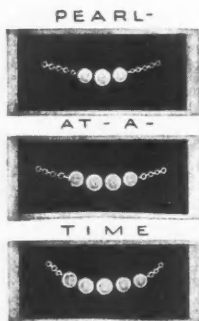
Child Life 11-30

HOW MARY LOU became the PROUDEST GIRL in her SCHOOL

"I wish you all could have come to my birthday party... to see all my pretty gifts... There were many of them but the most wonderful of all was in a pretty cream box with gold fixings... It contained a beautiful Anniversary Pearl Necklace from Mother and Dad! Imagine! Real pearls from the fisheries of the Orient. And the nicest part of all, Mother says that Uncle Ned is giving me more pearls for Xmas. I am going to watch my necklace grow and grow and when my birthday cake has many, many, candles I will have a complete, grown-up's necklace of genuine pearls."



Mary Lou



P. S. FOR PARENTS—An initial Anniversary Necklace of Genuine Oriental Pearls can be purchased at the price of a few books. For a little girl, the thrill of receiving an Anniversary Necklace is never duplicated by any other gift. And as the strand grows with birthdays, holidays and graduations bringing mementos in additions of Anniversary Pearls, the sentiment grows with it. Picture her grown into womanhood wearing a completed, superbly-matched, genuine pearl necklace. Pearls are strung on a 14 kt. white or green gold chain and presented in a handsome attractive box.

Necklaces or additions at all leading jewelers.
If unobtainable locally we will be glad to advise
where you can purchase them

Genuine Oriental Pearls
ANNIVERSARY-NECKLACES
The Gift that becomes an Heirloom

ANNIVERSARY PEARL COMPANY • 48 WEST 48th STREET • NEW YORK

POLLY PRENCE'S THANKSGIVING

[Continued from page 562]

you would have worried, had we not reached here on time. If the winter was bad we planned to camp en route until spring. But the weather was fine, and all went well until four days ago, when we were nearly at our journey's end. The wagon train was attacked by Indians; we in advance were surprised and taken prisoners, and hustled away so that we were not in the thick of the fight. However we later learned that the Indians were finally routed, their leader being shot through the arm, his horse killed and he himself chased miles over the plains. Our wagon was driven to a temporary hiding place, and little was done to our belongings. Perhaps the savages thought their chief had been captured and were saving us as hostages. At any rate, on the evening of the following day the wounded Indian appeared in our midst. We wondered where he found the fine white linen with which his arm was bound."

"I expect that was mine. I think it was the very part of one of Mother's old sheets I put on him," cried Polly Prence in great excitement.

"It evidently was," said Uncle Peter. "We had been searched, and among other things, Polly, which they took, was the little black case which I have always carried in my pocket since you left. When the tall Indian, who, by the way, was called Flying Cloud, looked at this he had a great time unfastening the clasp. When he did I'll tell you what he saw, Polly. He saw a lovely sunny smiling little girl with shining curls. This little girl was wearing a plaid silk dress trimmed with crisscross velvet band and—

"It was I, Uncle Peter. Wasn't that my daguerrotype?" cried Polly Prence. "I wonder if the Indian knew me?"

"Indeed he did, for he seemed very much excited. He passed the picture to Fred, who shook his head, then to Alex, asking, 'Him yours?' He also denied ownership, but when

[Continued on page 599]

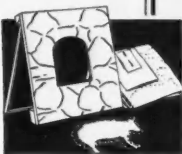
A
THANKSGIVING
WISH
by Nancy Clinton

We always go to Grandma's at this time of the year. We go there on the  because Thanksgiving Day is here. I help my  make her  and all her , too, and put the icing on the ; there're lots of things to do. I set the  and  around, with  and other , and when it's dinnertime I get the  for my wishes. I put my  then on my , and to myself I say, "I wish for  for all, upon Thanksgiving Day!"

Gertrude Aline Strickler

PLAYSKOOL
The Home Kindergarten

Price, \$16.50



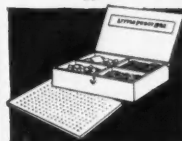
Whoof Whoof,
the Brown Bear
Bean Bag Game
— "Fun to
Make — Fun
to Play". Price,
\$1.25



KNOWOOD — 24
wood studies, illus-
trated with pictures
of seeds and leaves
of each tree. In
sturdy wood box.
Price, \$2.00



PLAYSKOOL
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a complete peg-
board outfit in
attractive paint-
ed wood case.
Price, \$3.00



Little Peggy Box,
a smaller peg-board
outfit for very
young children, in
strong cardboard
container.
Price, \$1.00



WHAT ARE THE PRODUCTS of Playskool Institute?

THE outstanding product of **PLAYSKOOL** Institute is **PLAYSKOOL**, the Home Kindergarten, a happy collection of kindergarten materials, carefully selected by the **PLAYSKOOL** Council of Educators, to stimulate the creative faculties of the child's mind. The material is housed in an attractive, sturdily built desk which, with the accompanying chair, serves also as the child's play-nook.

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Other products which carry out the "**PLAYSKOOL** Idea" are **Whoof Whoof**, the **Brown Bear Bean Bag** game, which must be completed by the child before it can be used. The **PLAYSKOOL** **Peggy Box** and **Little Peggy Box**, are fascinating peg-board outfits, containing colored blocks, pegs, laying sticks and parquetry blocks—all approved kindergarten materials, put up in attractive packages. They may be used with, or independently of **PLAYSKOOL** — the Home Kindergarten. **KNOWOOD** is an educational kit of 24 wood studies for children in school, who are interested in science, nature study or manual arts.

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It contains the booklet, "Pre-school Training in The Home," one **PLAYSKOOL** cut-out lesson, a sample **KNOWOOD** study and complete information on **PLAYSKOOL** Institute and its Products.

Ask for **PLAYSKOOL** Institute Products at your Dealer's or use the attached coupon for your order.

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Merchants, write for dealer proposition.

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Milwaukee, Wisconsin

11-CL-29

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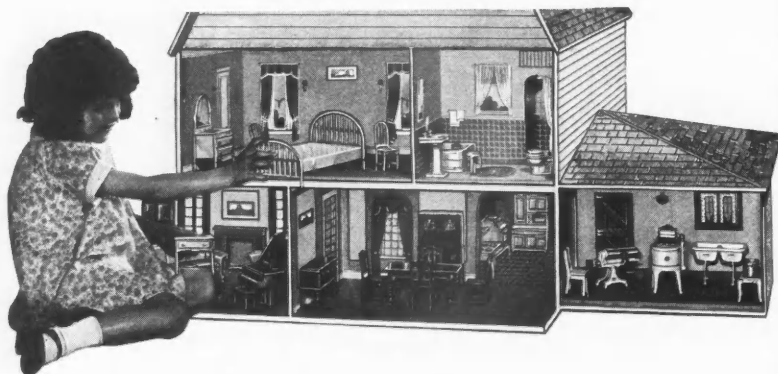
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| <input type="checkbox"/> One KNOWOOD Kit..... | @ 2.00 |

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A child learns through imitation

...authority on children's toys

"**T**OYS that merely amuse do not stimulate the child's mental capacities, but bring only emotional satisfaction. We want children to think. Thus toys that aid little tots to learn through imitation about the world in which they live are highly desirable," says Miss Clara Belle Baker, Director of the Children's School of National Kindergarten and Elementary College, Chicago.

How well Arcade Cast Iron Toys satisfy the specifications of this authority on children's toys! Arcade Monocoupe Airplanes, International Trucks, Mack Fire Apparatus, Fordson Tractors and many others look real. And Arcade bathroom, bedroom and kitchen sets are ideal for playing house. All Arcade Toys are made of durable cast iron. It is nearly impossible to break them.

Arcade Toys are found in all the better shops and department stores; or write us—we'll see that you are promptly supplied.

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"They look real"

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A splendid fairy story in jolly rhyme of two children's adventures in the land of the Tiny Arcadians, makers of Arcade Toys. Just send us your name and address—we'll send you this story.



LET US DRAW

By ETHEL M. RICE

Let us draw—line long and thin,
With two short ones pointing in.



If we add one more long line,
We will have a platter fine.



Now a mountain on it place,
With a little broken space.



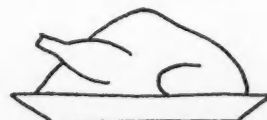
Oh, so closely you must look,
As we draw this little hook!



These two lines must curve just so.
Through the open space they go.



Draw a little end, this way.
Turkey for Thanksgiving Day!



NANCY'S GOLDEN THANKSGIVING PIE

[Continued from page 559]

don't know how even Grandmother, herself, could have made it better."

Nancy's eyes shone at this high praise.

Into the pie went the filling. Into the great brick oven went the pie, to come out, after its long baking, a marvel of perfection.

Nancy showed the pie to Father and Peter, saying, "See my beautiful golden Thanksgiving pumpkin pie!"

Mother and Nancy were tired that night, but the house was clean and orderly for the holiday, while on the pantry shelves and in pans and jars enough food was in readiness for twenty people instead of the eight who would be seated at the dinner table next day. Nancy's precious pie was set apart from the ones Mother had made, and Nancy stepped into the pantry many times



to feast her eyes upon its beauty.

Nancy was sleepy, and almost disgraced herself by falling asleep when at last her work was done and she knelt at family prayers. Peter saw her head nodding and nudged her with his elbow.

They were up early Thanksgiving morning and at work by candle light. A fire was lighted in the seldom-used best room.

Snow had fallen during the night, and Nancy looked out through the

"I wish this spinach would turn into cookies"

...said Nancy Ann



...and sure enough
IT DID!

NANCY ANN wanted to eat her spinach and carrots and other vegetables which Mother put before her. Nancy Ann liked to obey Mother, and Mother said she must eat lots of vegetables so that she would grow strong and keep well.

But the trouble was, Nancy Ann just didn't like spinach and other vegetables! And one day Nancy Ann pushed her plate of vegetables away and began to cry, "Oh, I wish some kind fairy would turn this spinach into cookies. I like cookies and I would eat loads of spinach then."

Now Nancy Ann's mother had read an advertisement about Vegetized Wafers—which are really delicious wholewheat cookies that have fresh carrots, spinach, lettuce, tomatoes and celery baked right in them). That day Nancy Ann's Mother got a box of these Vegetized Wafers from her grocer. And at supper time, there was a plate of cookies at Nancy Ann's place instead of spinach!

Now, Nancy Ann likes to eat "vegetables turned into cookies." Mother lets her have all the Vegetized Wafers she wants, because each wafer contains one-fourth its weight of five vegetables!

Ask Mother to buy you a box of Vegetized Wafers today. Then it will be fun to eat vegetables!



One of these—

26 Leading Biscuit Companies

bakes Vegetized Wafers for your territory and will supply you if your grocer cannot.

EAST

T. A. Huston & Co., Portland, Me.
Keebler-Weyl Baking Co., Phila.
Ontario Biscuit Co., Buffalo and Pittsburgh

CENTRAL

The Felber Biscuit Co., Columbus
Hekman Biscuit Co., Grand Rapids
Jurge Baking Co., Joplin, Mo.
Lakeside Biscuit Co., Toledo
Manchester Biscuit Co., Fargo, N. D., and Sioux Falls, S. D.
Quality Biscuit Co., Milwaukee
Sawyer Biscuit Co., Chicago
Strietmann Biscuit Co., Cincinnati
Union Biscuit Co., St. Louis

SOUTH

Martin Biscuit Co., Birmingham, Alabama
Tennessee Biscuit Co., Nashville
Vories Baking Co., New Orleans

MOUNTAIN STATES

Merchants Biscuit Co., Denver
Purity Biscuit Co., Salt Lake City

PACIFIC

Bishop & Company., Los Angeles
Mutual Biscuit Co., San Francisco
Tru-Blu Biscuit Co., Seattle, Spokane and Portland

CANADA

McCormick Mfg. Co., Ltd. London, Ont. and Winnipeg, Man.

VEGETIZED Whole Wheat WAFERS



Mother: Vegetized Wafers are rich in vegetable vitamins and mineral salts. They are approved by Child Life, Good Housekeeping, Modern Priscilla, and other recognized authorities on child nutrition.

Would you like this book?

VEGETIZED FOODS, Inc. 1c. 11-29
Union Insurance Bldg., Los Angeles
Please send me, without charge, your recipe booklet describing Vegetized Foods.

Name _____

Address _____

She will play with YOU every day!



*She is three inches
higher than the seat
of a big chair.*

This great big beautiful doll is for you!

... a doll as big as baby sister! Every girl in town will want to see her go to sleep. They'll long to hear her call you "Mama! Mama!" They'll love her all the way from the top of her organdie and lace bonnet to the tip of her patent leather slippers.

Just think! You can have the best time taking her to your tea parties and playing with her without fear of hurting her—for she is non-breakable. Dropping to the floor won't hurt her.

You can take off and put on her pretty patent leather slippers, silk stockings, organdie dress and bonnet with lace trimmings that just matches. And petticoat and undies.

You can put her to bed for she closes her big blue eyes. She has the prettiest brown bobbed hair. You can even make her walk.

And she can be your very, very own.

Tell the mothers of your friends about CHILD LIFE and how much fun you have reading it. Take this copy and show them your favorite stories like the new serial by Cornelia Meigs, the Kitchen and Workshop. Don't forget to show "Music Land," "Travel Tales," and "Children of Other Lands."

They'll see what a wonderful magazine CHILD LIFE is for their children and will give you a subscription. Mother will gladly help you, too, by telling her friends about it.

Simply send us three new subscriptions other than your own and the \$9.00 you have collected and your own address, and we will send the doll by parcel post prepaid.

..... SEND IN THIS ENTRY BLANK RIGHT AWAY.....

Write your name and address on this entry blank, tear it out and send it in. We will write you a letter telling more about how you can easily get the three subscriptions.

Doll Lady
% CHILD LIFE
536 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

N-9

Yes, I want that great big beautiful doll. Tell me more about how I can win it.

Your name

Street address

City State

small windowpanes on a white world. Father and Peter were coming from the barn, bringing brimming milk pails, their breath looking like white cloudlets in the cold air. Nancy ran to meet them at the shed door with the broom, lest they track snow on the clean-scrubbed kitchen floor.

"There's lots of snow! The folks will come in a sleigh!" cried Peter joyously. "It's damp—just right for snowballing—and Father has promised me play-time to-day. Mother, can't Nancy play out in the snow with me?"

"Yes!" answered Mother.

But Nancy said, primly, "I shall have on my Sunday gown and shoes. I might spoil them, or even lose my gold beads in the snow. I shall not work at my sampler to-day, or do lessons, but I think I would liefer sit and hear Grandmother and Mother and Aunt Abbie talk than to get hurt with snowballs!"

"You think too much of clothes and trinkets," retorted Peter. "It would be doing you a kindness to throw away those gold beads of yours, and cure you of vain pride!"

Nancy's heart gave a quick beat of fear. But no—Peter would never do a terrible thing like that! He was her brother; he loved her, and was nearly always good to her, though he liked sometimes to tease.

When the morning work was done, and the best tablecloth and willow-pattern china on the table, Nancy washed herself at the kitchen sink, brushed her curly hair, and went to her cold little room to put on her Sunday dress and shoes.

There was a mirror in Mother's bedroom, and Nancy slipped in there to see how she looked before the guests should arrive.

She gave one glance, then put her hand to her neck with a frightened gesture.

"Mother, my beads! Have you seen them?" she called, running back to the kitchen.

"Not so loud, Nancy! You will waken little Samuel!" warned Mother. "Where have you put your beads, child?"

"I don't know!" said Nancy, in tears. "I take them off when I

wash my neck—but I don't see them here by the sink. I can't remember—"

"Sleighbells!" called Peter, putting his head in at the door. "They're coming!"

"Oh, Mother!" cried Nancy, catching at her mother's sleeve. "I don't want Grandmother to know my beads are lost—she would think me so careless! Mother, wait—just a minute—you heard what Peter said about throwing away my beads to cure my—my vanity. You don't think he could have done so, do you?"

"Of course not, child, but you may ask him. I must go to the door now. Wipe your eyes. You will remember where you have put the beads."

Little Samuel woke and cried, and Nancy was glad of the chance to rock his cradle in Mother's room and not meet the visitors just yet.

Uncle Obed, Aunt Abbie's new husband, was a pleasant young man with merry eyes which seemed always to smile, even when his lips were sober.

He insisted on helping with the dinner preparations, though by all accepted rules of behavior he should have been seated in the best room, discussing "doctrines" and farming and stock with Father and Grandfather.

He seemed not to know very much about getting dinner, which was not strange, he being a man, and asked Nancy the queerest questions, such as "What—don't you sprinkle red pepper on your bread before putting it on the table?" And, "Where do you keep your sledgehammer? If you'll just tell me where it is, I'll mash the turnips with it for you!"

Nancy had much ado to keep from laughing louder than was seemly. The feeling of misery over the loss of her precious gold beads had retreated to the back of her mind, and though she was ever conscious of it, yet she was enjoying the pleasant bustle and conversation, the presence of the visitors and the sights and smells of the feast.

Peter, outside, was snowballing

HAVE YOU SEEN? the Doll with the BODY TWIST

AMBERG'S
50th
ANNIVERSARY ACHIEVEMENT

"IT" is altogether different!
And "IT" is the loveliest
dolly.

Ask your dealer to show you "IT" with
its cute little pup on a leash.

14 Inches Fully Dressed

Durable, all-composition, with one extra natural motion no Doll ever had before. "IT" can turn or bend like any little girl.

Beautiful organdie or
Ball jointed head, arms,
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print dress.
legs, and
With Dog \$3.00



TINY TOTS Brother and Sister in Combination Box

With extra dress, romper
and fine extra coat
and hat for each Doll.
TINY TOTS also have
the famous patented Body
Twist.

8 inches tall, \$2.00
exactly as pic-
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The World Standard
LOUIS AMBERG & SON
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Makers of Vanta Baby

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Gentlemen: Enclosed is \$3.00 ☐ for which please have
delivered to me "IT" ☐ with Organdie Dress; ☐ with
Print Dress.
☐ \$2.00 for TINY TOTS with box outfit.
☐ Please send me FREE copy of Dolly Record Book.
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They are sold in the more progressive stores
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Write today.

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How To Make A Picture Puzzle

Take a piece of thin cardboard 6 inches square, cut out
our ad and paste it on one side. Paste a sheet of white or
colored paper on the other side. Let dry, then with shears,
cut out the puzzle pieces, bend them straight if curled and
assemble your puzzle.



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Go to Japan with Ceresota

CERESOTA got there in his magic boots without taking a single step, and there he saw the Mikado dressed in gorgeous Japanese clothes. Ceresota gave him a loaf of Bread made with Ceresota Flour, the Prize Bread Flour of the World, and the Mikado was so pleased that he—But you must get the book that tells all the marvelous adventures of Ceresota, and read about them for yourself. It's just full of colored pictures, and it tells you how to paint them for yourself with a real set of water colors that comes with the book. Send for them today.

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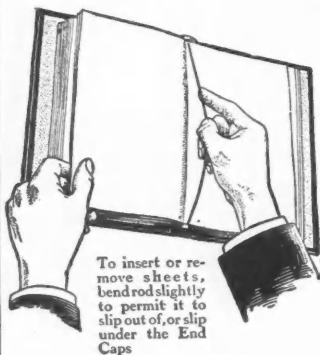
R. F. D. State



Ceresota Flour



Keep your copies of CHILD LIFE



To insert or remove sheets, bend rod slightly to permit it to slip out of, or slip under the End Caps

Next year when you want to turn back and read your favorite Child Life stories again, you can find them easily by keeping your copies in this binder.

Here, too, you can have the games and puzzles that you liked best, the recipes from the Kitchen, the plans from the Workshop, all ready to bring you happy hours

on even the dullest day.

This binder holds 12 copies—all the reading of a complete year. It has a dark red leatherette cover with Child Life printed in gold, making an attractive book that will have its own place in your library. To Child Life readers it is \$1.75.

CHILD LIFE
536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

N 9

Please send me, postage prepaid, one 12-copy Child Life binder. Here is \$1.75.

Name

Address

City.....State.....

the wellsweep, in want of a companion to share his sports.

"You and I'll go out and bury Peter under an avalanche of snowballs, after we get the care of this dinner off our hands, Niece Nancy!" said Uncle Obed, and Nancy agreed, with never a thought of her Sunday gown.

At last the feast was spread. Every face wore an expectant smile, as family and guests took their appointed places at table. Every head bowed reverently, while Grandfather prayed for the Heavenly Father's blessing.

"I could be ever and ever so thankful," sighed Nancy all to herself, "if only I could find my beautiful beads again!"

There had been no chance to question Peter about the beads. She had looked for them all around the house. They could not have gone down the kitchen sinkspout, for Mother kept a drainer there.

Such a feast! And how everybody ate! After the turkey and "stuffing" and vegetables and chicken pie and rich plum pudding, it was a wonder anybody wanted pie—but they did. Especially Peter, who meant to eat at least *one* piece of each kind. Afterwards there would be cake, doughnuts, cookies and preserves.

Apple and mince and high-bush cranberry and blueberry pies were set upon the table, and then Nancy, her eyes a-sparkle, proudly brought in her own pumpkin pie, the crowning glory of the whole feast!

"This is Nancy's pie!" announced Father. "She made it all herself."

Nancy's face beamed with happiness at all the compliments from Grandmother and Grandfather and Aunt Abbie.

"You gave me such a fright!" said Uncle Obed to Father. "When you said it was Nancy's pie, I thought Nancy was going to eat it all, herself—and it looked so good I couldn't bear not to have even one taste of it!"

Father smiled. "You shall have the first piece, and find out if it tastes as good as it looks."

They all watched while Uncle Obed cut into his piece of pie, and lifted a bit on his fork. Then every

face was filled with amazement as something long and slender and covered with the pumpkin filling, clung to his fork and trailed down into his plate.

What could it be?

Poor Nancy! Her pride and joy were gone. Her heart sank like lead, while tears of mortification rolled down her hot cheeks.

"Oh, Nancy!" cried Mother, who caught the glint of gold in the ropy pie, "your string of gold beads! You could not have fastened them on properly yesterday, and they fell into the pie!"

Peter gave a shout—something between a laugh and a snort.

"Nancy called it her 'beautiful golden Thanksgiving pie!'" he chuckled, "but we never thought she was making it out of real gold!"

So the precious beads were found. They were none the worse for their baking, and as long as Nancy lived she wore them; but she never heard the last of her golden Thanksgiving pie.



POLLY PRENCE'S THANKSGIVING

[Continued from page 592]

he passed the picture to me I made a great fuss over it, for I saw that something about it had excited him. I thought perhaps he thought it some charm or magic.

"Well, he evidently thought you were my daughter, Polly. We did not know why, but we were treated well from then on. The next morning Flying Cloud showed me the picture, which he kept, and then took us to our wagons. He returned such of our possessions as were not scattered and guided us a long way down the trail. We were all much puzzled at his change in manner, but concluded he must have a small girl of his own, and that the picture had touched his savage heart."

"It is not so strange as it seems," said Father. "Peter, you shall have a chance to hear just why your life was saved, and what a brave little pioneer your niece has become. Polly, you may tell your story."

So Polly Prence told of the dark-skinned stranger who came to her door, and everyone agreed that her lonely vigil on that stormy day had ended like the very nicest kind of a fairy tale.

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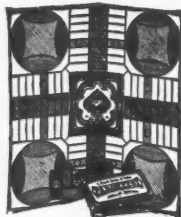
3 of the 383
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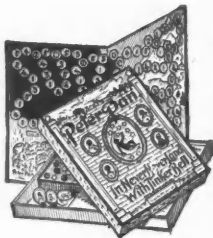
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BRING HOME THE TURKEY

By CLARA FAHRENBACH

(See page 612)

LET's pretend that we are Pilgrims and live in the log house at the top of the page. We start out to find a turkey to celebrate and have a feast.

The game is played with pins and a pencil on the open page of the magazine with the leaves folded under to make a game board. Each player ties a piece of colored thread around his pin to identify it. Any number may play.

Each player holds the pencil about four inches above the big pumpkin at the foot of the page. He closes his eyes and says "tick-tack-toe," touching the pumpkin each time, then opens his eyes and takes as many moves along the trail as the number on the pumpkin section. If he does not hit the pumpkin he gets a new trial.

We start out from the door of the little house, back and forth through the corn and pumpkins along the heavy line (which is the trail). We go in the direction the arrows point. We stick our pins with the colored thread up tight in the trail of dots. Two pins can't be on the same dot at once.

After the corn and pumpkins we go into some woods and go back and forth until we come to a nice friendly Indian. We must get the exact count when we come to the Indian and wait for the next man and get the right count. Then the Indian will take us in his canoe. Each man in the canoe moves the boat. The players who did not get to the canoe on time have to wait until the first two are met by the second Indian. Then the first Indian goes back and picks up the rest of the players, who are waiting.

The first two players go back and forth through the next woods, or forest, until they come to birds, who point the way to a large circle—and there is the turkey.

The turkey is so big it takes all the players to carry him, so they wait for all to catch up, and race home. The first one to get the turkey and the first one home get the wishbone!

Boys, dads, mothers

—mail the coupon for this



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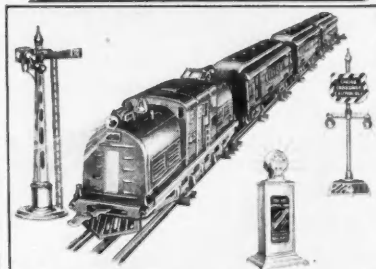
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Read, in next month's advertisement, how you can get a valuable Sand Car free—on American Flyer Day, December 7th. Or ask your Dealer for full particulars. Mail the coupon for Free Train Book today.

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OUR WORKSHOP

[Continued from page 584]

The roof and walls may be made of tin or cardboard. Buy a strip of tin, $4\frac{1}{2}$ by 8 inches.

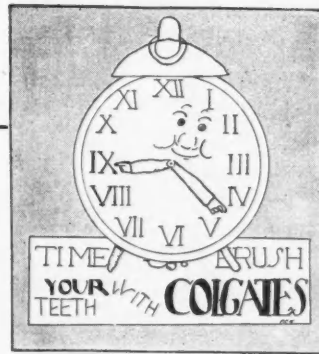
After cutting the wooden parts, and smoothing their edges with sandpaper, nail the rear wall to the base block 4 inches from the front end, and nail the end block to the end of the base block. Punch holes along the edges of the tin or cardboard roof-and-walls piece, bend the piece to the shape of the rear wall block. Tack to wall and base blocks. Smooth surfaces with sandpaper. Then give them two coats of paint, enamel, or lacquer.

The airplane launching device is really a slingshot. It has a wooden launching block $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, with a tack driven into each end. Rubber bands looped end to end are fastened to the tacks (Fig. 6). When you have assembled this slingshot, fasten the ends of the rubber bands to the hangar sides by means of two small cotter pins or paper fasteners, as shown in Figures 2 and 6. You can buy cotter pins at a hardware store. Punch a hole through each side wall, near the front, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch above the base, stick the pin ends through the holes, and spread them to keep them from pulling out. The rubber bands must be short enough to stretch twice their length when you draw back the launching block to the rear wall of the hangar.

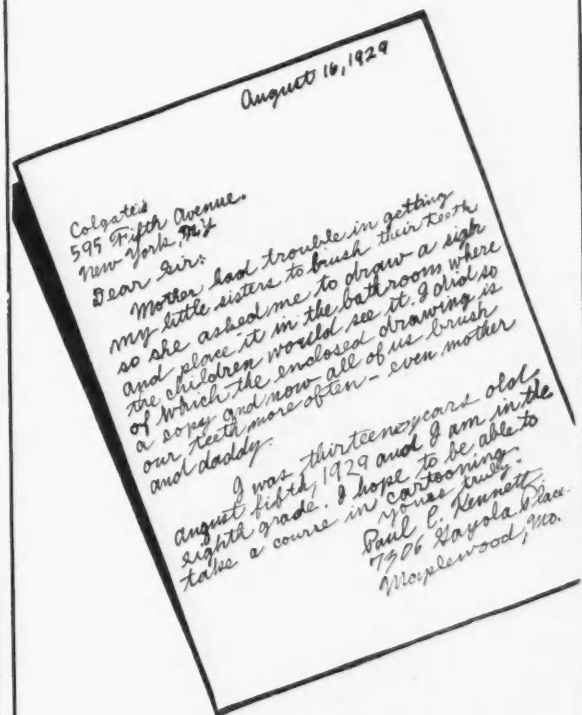
Fasten a piece of strong wrapping twine to a tack driven into the center of the launching block, and run it through the hole in the rear wall of the hangar. Buy a cupboard catch (Fig. 4), at the hardware store, and screw it to the end base block, in line with the string hole in the rear wall. Tie a fancywork ring to the trigger string at the right point to hook over the cupboard catch when the launching block is drawn back to the rear wall (Figures 2 and 3). When you slip the ring over the hook of the cupboard catch, the trigger will be cocked. Then when you pull slightly upon the lever end of the catch, the ring will slip off the hook and release the slingshot. Figures 2 and 3 show a toy airplane in the hangar, in position for launching. An airplane about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long is of the right size. Figure 1 shows the airplane released.

The toy airplane must be suspended from the thread it is to "fly" along. Figure 7 shows a pair of hangars made of paper clips of the form of that in Figure 8. Slip the front clip over the propeller shaft. Fasten the rear clip with a rubber band looped around the fuselage and over the clip.

Use heavy linen thread for the airplane to slide upon. Tie one end to a screw-eye screwed into the rear wall of the hangar (Figure 3). Tie the other end to a chair back, as in Figure 1. The airplane will travel only a little ways along the thread, when launched by the slingshot. Lift the toy hangar higher than the chair to make airplane continue its flight to end of the thread. Then turn the airplane about and let it return to its hangar.



AN IDEA from Paul Kennett, 13, who wants to become a cartoonist



TO MOTHERS whose families don't include young advertising geniuses like Paul, we offer FREE an ingenious plan for making the youngsters want to brush their teeth. Just tear out the coupon below, fill it in and mail to us—we will send at once a sample of Colgate's for each child, together with a Colgate Chart which makes toothbrushing a jolly game.

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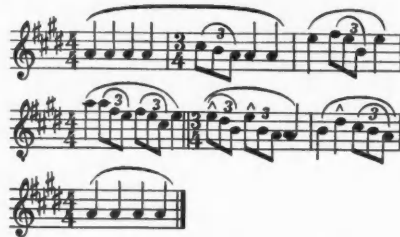
LEGGINGS · · BLOUSES · · SETS

INDIAN MUSIC

[Continued from page 555]

important and full of power are they thought to be, that to be a good drummer is to hold a high position in all Indian tribal life.

A number of tribes make three and four-hole flutes, sometimes called flageolets. I have several Indian flutes, and though the tone is not always true because of imperfect construction, the quality is soft and sweet. The young Omahas used to play the flute, in the old days, only when they were courting the Indian maidens. Some of the love calls have been written down and used by Mr. Cadman, Mr. Lieurance, myself, and other American composers.



But now let us return to the musical instruments.

In the Southwest the most important instrument (perhaps you would call it a noise maker) used in the Pima Rain Ceremony is usually spoken of as the "rain stick." It consists of one main stick which is called the "scraping stick." It is a smoothly-cut, tapering piece of hard wood into which at one side of the handle are cut six small notches. When one end of this stick is laid on an overturned basket, and the notched side is rubbed violently with another stick, it ought to bring a rain of tears from the ears of any god with sensitive ears.

The Navajos—that southwestern tribe that used to make the most beautiful and durable of brilliantly colored blankets—tell of the male-rain and the female-rain. The storm, with thunder and lightning, is Father Rain, and the gentle summer shower is, of course, Mother Rain. When the two meet on the distant Rain Mountain, west of the Zuni, life and beauty come to fields and flowers.

Here is the Navajo rain chant which tells of the fabled rain-youth who made the magic rain songs which brought the blessed water to this grateful tribe. In a poetic way, the words tell of him coming down the mountain with rain feathers in his hair and of his coming through the thirsty corn. The swallows chirp with joy in the rain. No one can see the good youth who brings the rain for the pollen and mist hide him from human eyes.

TRO HATAL

SONG OF THE RAIN CHANT

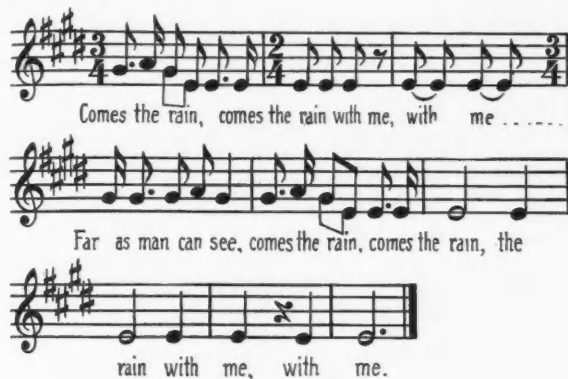
From the Rain-Mount,
Rain-Mount far away,
Comes the rain,
Comes the rain with me.

O'er the corn,
O'er the corn, tall corn,
Comes the rain,
Comes the rain with me.

'Mid the swallows,
'Mid the swallows blue,
Comes the rain,
Comes the rain with me.

Far as man can see
Comes the rain,
Comes the rain with me.

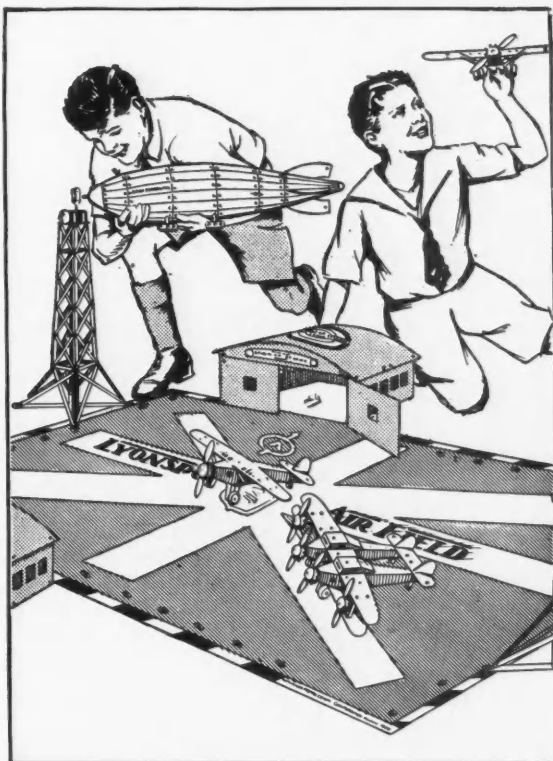
And here is the music:



Indians do not sing their songs in the same arrangement of tones that the piano gives us when we play every white note from middle C to the next C one octave lower, but if you will play the keys between the two C's, leaving out B and F, then you will hear a real Indian scale. It is known as the five note, or pentatonic, scale.

How these Red Men and their squaws and children can dance and keep time! My, I wish all of us could do as well. Young and old are forever beating their drums, or clapping their hands, in double rhythm (two beats to a measure), while singing a song in regular triple (three beats to the measure) rhythm. Now children, try to do this. It is like rubbing the crown of your head with one hand, while with the other hand, you pat your stomach. Every Indian boy can do these rhythmical stunts and, like a good Indian, he never "cracks a smile" or "bats an eye," for the very good reason that he does not know that he has done a difficult thing.

When I talk or write about our Indians there never seems to be a good stopping place. Their fascinating stories and songs, their artistic blankets, baskets and pottery, their romantic and tragic history of the past century, all combine to urge me on. But I will say just this—every one of you should read James Fenimore Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales," and play (on the piano), Edward MacDowell's "From an Indian Lodge," just as soon as you are able. And surely all of you will be respectful and just to our Indian brothers, and you will be grateful to them for all the beauty in things and in thoughts which they have given to us.



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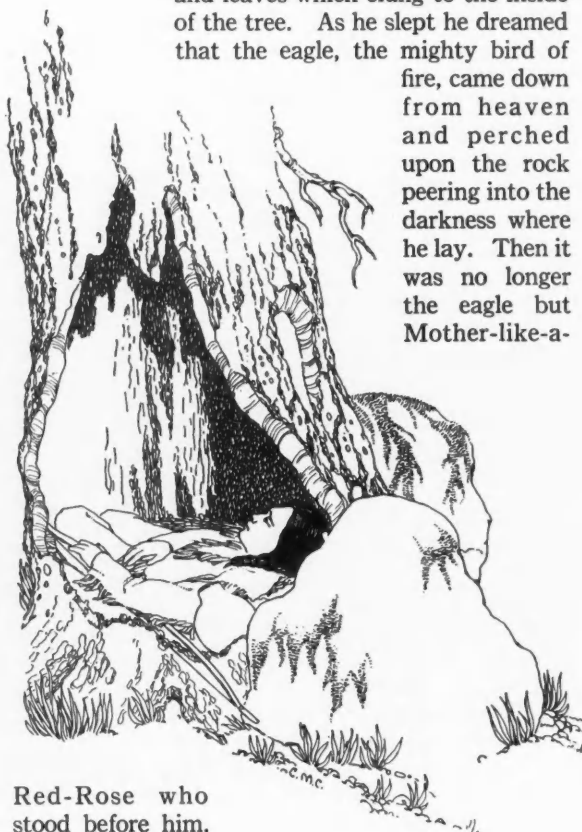
GOLDEN EAGLE

[Continued from page 558]

out. Standing at one side, he threw the stone. It passed up over the rock and fell down, leaving the ribbon hanging there. Then he climbed the rope and clambered on up to the top of the cliff. The sun was shining above the low clouds and the air was clear and cool. The eaglet in the eagle's nest shivered and cried for its mother. Not far away was a large hollow tree partly hidden by two huge rocks. Two Feathers climbed in at the opening and

lay down upon the soft decayed wood and leaves which clung to the inside of the tree. As he slept he dreamed that the eagle, the mighty bird of

fire, came down from heaven and perched upon the rock peering into the darkness where he lay. Then it was no longer the eagle but Mother-like-a-



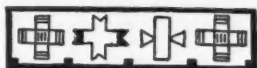
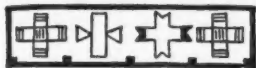
Red-Rose who stood before him, smiling and hold-

ing out the shirt she was embroidering. He looked in surprise. The red, blue, yellow and purple quills no longer spoke of blossoms and flower-shadows but were laid in the form of birds with wings wide spread.

"How is this, Mother-like-a-Red-Rose?" he asked.

"There are not only flowers of many colors," she replied, "there are also birds of many colors. There are red robin, bluebird, purple finch, little brown rail





and great golden eagle. Each different—all birds, all living together in the blue sky above! The Great Mystery has made them so: it is his will."



The next day Two Feathers spent upon the cliff, jumping from rock to rock, or climbing tall trees to see what was beyond. At night he returned to his hollow tree and was soon asleep. Again the eagle appeared to him and again it was Mother-like-a-Red-Rose who stood before him. She held out the shirt. The birds had disappeared

and in their places were animals of wood and tree, all fashioned from the red, blue, yellow and purple porcupine quills.

"What is this?" asked Two Feathers in surprise.

"All animals are not rabbits. There are dog, squirrel, beaver, buffalo, deer. Each different—all animals! It is as the Great Mystery wishes; he has made them so."

Upon the fourth day Two Feathers went farther along the cliff. That night he smiled as he lay in the hollow tree. In the morning he would rise early and go swiftly down the trail to the teepee by the Big Shining Water.

Thinking about these things, he at last fell asleep. Once more the eagle came, and again Mother-like-a-Red-Rose stood before him.

"Look!" she said. Two Feathers looked. The long procession of animals had disappeared from the shirt, and in its place were bands of red, blue, yellow and purple stars.

"All stars are not the Evening Star," said she. "There are stars of red and stars of blue, stars of yellow and stars of purple. Each different—all stars, all shining in the heavens above, all telling of peace! The Great Mystery has made them so: it is his will."



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It comes from a soap laboratory of international importance. Its name is Stork Soap. It is one of the few soaps in the world that is made from virgin olive and vegetable oils, then super-fatted—and that is CERTIFIED as such. Thus it is gentle beyond words.

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Mothers thus were at a loss as to which soaps were safe for their babies and which were not. All looked alike, smelled alike, seemed alike. Some were good, some were not. Mothers had no way of knowing.

To meet that situation this CERTIFIED Baby Soap was developed—and the brand name of Stork given it—so that mothers could be protected in their buying.

Soon it became the leading Baby Soap of the world. *Virtually every noted baby doctor in America endorses it.* Leading hospitals employ it. Great baby experts urge its use to the exclusion of all other soaps. It comes in individually single cakes—easy to use.

Accept Free Cake

To place it now in the hands of every mother, a liberal size cake will be sent postpaid to try. Just mail the coupon. Clip it now before you forget. Don't deny your baby the finest science knows.

LIBERAL SIZE CAKE and BOOK FREE
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No powder—no danger. Shells are powered by springs, and they shoot little, light wooden balls. Won't even break glassware, but it's fine for shooting at targets. And a fine colored target, with a bell in the center, comes with the gun—a bagful of "ammunition," too.

The Fox Play Gun will last for years—and you won't get tired of it. Ask to see it at the nearest toy store. The price is \$3.00, complete with target and ammunition.

A. H. FOX GUN CO.
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FOX

PLAY GUN

Two Feathers awoke. Above him the Morning Star shone like gold and high in the sky were red, blue, yellow and purple stars, all paling and fading into the light of day. Again he slept. It was mid-day when he awoke and the sun was shining brightly. The mother eagle was calling her child.

"Come!" she seemed to say. "You are a bird of fire! A dweller in the sun!" She spread her wings and circled above the rock. The eaglet hesitated, then followed with a slow, uncertain flight. The mother bird waited, poised upon her wings, until the eaglet had returned to the rock. Then she made a second circle, larger, higher, the eaglet following. Again and again they rose, always in larger, higher circles, until at length they were lost to sight in the far sky above.

Two Feathers' heart was beating fast. Was he, like the eaglet, ready for his adventure? What was the blessing he was to carry to his people? He rose quickly, stood for a moment with his arm upraised in greeting to the sun, waiting for the voice of the Great Mystery. Then he arose, turned and ran swiftly down a deer trail leading away from home and friends by the Big Shining Water.

Hour after hour Two Feathers made his way through bushes and over rocks. All the afternoon the sun traveled across the blue sky to the west. Its last rays lit the blossoms which grew among the rocks and pointed out a flat stone on which he made ready his first meal—a meal of acorns, berries and water. Before eating he called out in a clear voice. "If any brother within my hearing is hungry let him come and eat with me. He is welcome!" He waited a moment. There could be no answer aside from the echo in that secluded place. He lifted the water bag to his lips—then suddenly lowered it—a child stood before him! He was not a little Indian brother; his face was white and his cheeks were flushed the color of a deep pink rose. His hair might have been dyed with yellow flower-feathers which grew along the trails by the Big Shining Water. His eyes as he gazed at Two Feathers were the color of the blue sky above.

"Little Paleface of the Stars!" he said. "Little White Brother, you are welcome!" They sat side by side upon the ground and ate. They drank from the same water bag. Then Two Feathers gathered branches of fragrant balsam and the pale-faced brother stretched himself out upon them and slept. Two Feathers sat by his side and thought. Why was this boy alone in the woods? He must have wandered away from friends and become lost. Did he belong to the wide trail and the strange cities of which Mother-like-a-Red-Rose had told him? At last Two Feathers, also, slept.

(The conclusion of "Golden Eagle" will appear in the December issue of CHILD LIFE)

HARVEST HOME GAME

A Game for November

By FRANCES ELLEN FUNK

THIS game may be played by any uneven number of children who are old enough to count to ten. The captain or leader has the players form in two lines which stand facing each other. The lines are quite a distance apart and the captain takes his or her position in the center, between the lines. There must be the same number of children in each row, and the captain will name each child after some vegetable or fruit. On both sides there will be a child called Potato, Onion, Apple, Cabbage, Carrot, Cucumber, Orange, Plum, and as many other names of fruits and vegetables as there are players.

When all of the children in both lines have been given or have chosen the names which they are to be called, they are given small cornucopias, (or perhaps small baskets) which may be made very easily from any bright, colored paper. Each player is then given ten beans or candy corns or jelly beans to put into his paper. These may be called money, and will be used to pay the captain when he catches any of the players.

The captain now takes his place in the center and the children get all ready to run. The captain suddenly calls, "Cabbage! Cabbage!" At once the child named Cabbage, in one line, runs quickly as possible to try to change places with the child called Cabbage in the opposite line. As they run past the captain, he tries to catch one of them. If one of the Cabbages is caught, he must pay to the captain two of his candy beans; if the captain has called, "Cabbage! Cabbage! Cabbage!" three times, the one who is caught must pay three beans; if "Cabbage!" was only called once, only one bean must be paid. The captain will hold a gay paper basket or horn, in which the forfeit beans, or corn candies, whichever you have decided to use, will be saved.

The game goes on, the captain calling any name he may wish to call, and the child who is caught always paying the number of beans required to the captain. When any child has no more beans in his basket, he must be the next captain, and may name the children again, if he cares to, and start a new game.

Names which are very familiar to the children should be chosen, as Pumpkin, Corn, Carrots, Cucumber, so that the names may be remembered easily, and the captain must always call very plainly so that the children can tell just how many times he says the word, and how many beans they will have to pay if they are caught.

For a party small favors may be given of candy corn or jelly beans in small paper baskets, or colored apples or pumpkins in harvest-home baskets.



The Hobgoblin's Magic

IT WAS the week after Hallowe'en. And there, perched right on the foot of Bobby's bed, was a Hallowe'en Hobgoblin!

"How-do!" said the Hobgoblin, "I know why you got sent to bed, without any supper! I know! It's 'cause you wouldn't drink your milk!"

"And I'll bet I can make you drink it!" added the Hobgoblin.

"Bet you can't," growled Bobby.

"All right. Watch me!" laughed the Hobgoblin. And from somewhere, he took out a saucepan, and into that he poured some milk, which he soon made good and hot.

"Now! Magic!" announced the Hobgoblin. "It's called Instant Postum!"

And there, into the hot milk, went the Instant Postum—till the milk was a nice rich brown! "Drink that!" ordered the Hobgoblin.

And Bobby just *had* to! It just *smelled* so good and *tasted* so good, he couldn't help it!

"So long!" called the Hobgoblin. "I'll bet you'll never go without supper again!"

And sure enough, Bobby never has. For, next morning, when Bobby told his Mother all about the Hobgoblin, she said maybe the Hobgoblin was right. And now Bobby always has had that nice, brown "magic" in his milk, so he never, *never* gets sent off to bed without his supper any more!



MOTHERS: Send for "The Postum Story Book" for Children

It's FREE . . . Full of fascinating stories and delightful illustrations. With it will come a week's supply of Instant Postum, so that you can try Postum's magic in converting "plain milk" into a delicious new beverage for the children.

Postum . . . made of whole wheat and bran . . . adds to the well-rounded nourishment in milk its own quota of wholesomeness. Send TODAY for the story book and the Instant Postum sample. Both are FREE.

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NEW STORY
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The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.



FUN with BOATS

EVERY boy in your neighborhood will be green with envy when he sees you wind the powerful steel motor of this big Liberty Submarine Destroyer—and send it zipping speedily along, its prow cutting the water like a real navy fighting boat.

It's a big brute, 25 inches long, with a strong, uncrushable wood hull that won't sink! A perfect miniature—long, low lines, revolving gun turrets and four funnels, indicating great speed. Boys, it's a joy toy, for sure! Price, \$8.50. Use coupon below.

Speedy Motors



Here's the Liberty Tug and Scow—a pair of boats that are great fun. Fill up the scow with coal, sand, gravel, wheat, oats, corn—anything you wish, wind up the tug's powerful motor and away she goes, pulling the loaded scow behind. Price, both Tug and Scow, \$3.50

A Navy of Your Own!

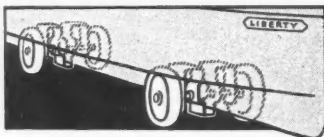
You can get the Liberator, a big Airplane Carrier modeled after the navy's famous Saratoga. 27 inches long. Two rugged motors. 4 removable airplanes on deck. 2 revolving gun turrets. Price, \$10. Use coupon.

Another joy toy is the Liberty Fire Boat. A double-acting pump, concealed in the hull, squirts a 25-foot stream of water from a real-as-life revolving nozzle on the deck. Fire Boat is 22 inches long and is driven through the water by a powerful steel-and-brass motor. Price \$7.50.

SPECIAL OFFER!

By ordering now, you will receive *absolutely free* with each Liberty Boat, except Seaplane, a detachable Under-Carriage and Wheels which slips easily onto the keel of the boat, changing it into a pull-toy for use out of water, indoors or on the side-walk. Send no money—merely indicate on the coupon the boats you want and mail at once. The boats will be shipped *immediately*—you pay the postman the stated price plus a few cents postage. Send now while this special offer lasts—even if you don't need the boats till Christmas.

Liberty Playthings, Inc., Dept. CL, Niagara Falls, N. Y.



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Please send me at once the Liberty Boats I have checked below; including a free gift of Under-Carriage and Wheels for each boat ordered (except Seaplane). I will pay postman stated price plus postage on delivery.

Check Those	<input type="checkbox"/> No. 8 Liberty Destroyer, 25 in. long	\$8.50
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You Are	<input type="checkbox"/> No. 22 Liberty Seaplane, 22 in. wings	\$5.00
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Liberty Playthings

BRONZETOES

(Continued from page 563)

more readily than her "tame" fellow-turkeys. When fall came, the boy made a rude shanty for them. Sometimes, on blustering winter days, his pet was allowed in the cabin.

Spring came, with flocks of wood-pigeons darkening the sky at noonday. Honking of wild geese drifted down to Samuel as he worked at planting, Bronzetoës by his side.

Then a day came when the turkey stopped in her scratching, for a moment, head tilted, as though



listening to some far-away voice unheard by her master.

Sam lifted a delicious long worm from the soil. Bronzetoës gobbled it greedily. Then, with not so much as a "good-by," she lifted her wings and soared. Samuel watched her, amazed. She had never flown before, more than to roost on a low branch. Twice she circled about his head, then was off, following her call to the Northland. And Samuel was alone.

Crops did poorly that summer. A hard winter was promised. Some of their neighbors in the settlement drifted back to their old homes across the mountains. Others pushed on down the Ohio, ever westward, searching better land.

The time came when the boy heard his parents talking, far into the night, planning. Friends and supplies they had expected, failed to come.

He crept out of his bunk and stood before them. "Please, don't leave—yet—" he pleaded, his eyes big with sleeplessness. "Wait—"

"Until the turkeys fly south again?" Emily asked gently, laying her arm across his slender shoulders. Sam nodded and turned away.

"He thinks Bronzetoës will come back," Emily whispered.

"Perhaps—who knows?" The father brushed his rough sleeve across moist eyes. "His faith should be a lesson to us. We'll stay."

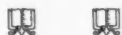
Samuel worked steadily, chopping, splitting, piling wood. Food might be scarce that winter, but they need not freeze. Another week—

"Samuel! Todd!"

The boy dropped his axe and ran to the cabin. Perhaps his sister had sighted Indians—or a rattler!

It was, instead, John Draper, and Martha, and little Eliza, who had been his playmate in the old days, come to make their home, too, in the great Northwest. Thank God, thought Samuel, they were still there, to give them welcome! The newcomers had brought bags of flour and oats and a cask of salt—enough for many months.

And while Samuel held shyly back, so happy he could not speak, there slipped out of the pathless sky and down to his side, a beautiful wild turkey, a scrap of leather bearing his initials still clinging to her leg. Bronzetoos, too, had come to spend the winter with him.



A PILGRIM PARTY

(Continued from page 571)

out in squares, circles and triangles. Slices of bread are also dainty when spread with butter and jelly and left open. Deviled eggs are also a treat for most boys and girls, because they remind one of picnic-time. A party is not a real party without ice cream and cake, so we shall keep on pretending we are Pilgrims and then—we shall be given a plate of vanilla ice cream with a tiny ship labeled "Mayflower" sailing across the top! It almost looks as though it had drifted into a huge iceberg on its perilous journey across the Atlantic Ocean! A "Mayflower" can easily be made by taking half of a large thermos-bottle cork. Three toothpick masts run through some wee paper sails and then forced into the *deck* of each ship, will prove sufficient rigging for this most sea-worthy vessel—which, being cork, will really float!

"Can't we have just one more game before going home?" is a question every boy and girl asks, and this time the answer will be "Yes!" Our game, however, must not be a noisy one, for you know, it always leaves happier memories to end with a quiet game.

Let us then see if we can all help *launch* the Mayflower successfully! A large sheet of paper is pinned to a curtain. On this, waves are drawn with a blue crayon. Each player is in turn given a picture of a ship cut from a magazine or newspaper. The object of the game is to successfully launch the Mayflower somewhere near Plymouth Rock, while blindfolded. The winner is then presented with a toy or an Indian doll.

There is nothing which would give a happier ending to a Pilgrim party than the telling of a true story. So let's just sit down on the floor again, and listen to the old, old story of the Landing of the Pilgrims. It was told to you by a grown-up at the beginning of this party. Perhaps some other grown-up would rather save it till the last, so that you and your friends may carry home the very happiest of Thanksgiving Day memories.

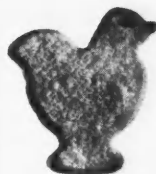


Cousin Leaf's Molasses Cookies

Cream 1 cup shortening and 1 cup sugar. Add 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Sift 2 cups flour with 4 teaspoons soda, 2 teaspoons ginger, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg and 1 teaspoon salt. Add this alternately to first mixture with 1 cup sour milk. Add enough more flour to make a soft dough. Roll and cut in fancy shapes. Sprinkle sugar on top and bake 5 to 8 minutes in rather quick oven, 375° to 400° F. These cookies are the thick soft kind that taste so good between meals.



The
real
old-fashioned cookies
children love best...



Just like the old-time molasses cookies in Grandma's cookie jar . . . thick soft ones that taste so good between meals with a glass of milk! No wonder children everywhere adore them!

Good things made with Brer Rabbit Molasses are a wonderful way to satisfy the demands of a sweets-hungry family. For Brer Rabbit is wholesome and nourishing . . . rich in both the iron and lime of the sugar cane.

Pure New Orleans molasses with the real old-time plantation flavor—that's Brer Rabbit. Gold Label is the highest quality light molasses . . . Green Label a rich full-flavored, dark molasses.

Keep your Brer Rabbit labels! Get Brer Rabbit's Cookie Set for your youngsters . . . a toy they'll adore! 3 labels from 3 cans of Brer Rabbit Molasses bring it to you! Start to save Brer Rabbit labels today. Send them in with or without the coupon!



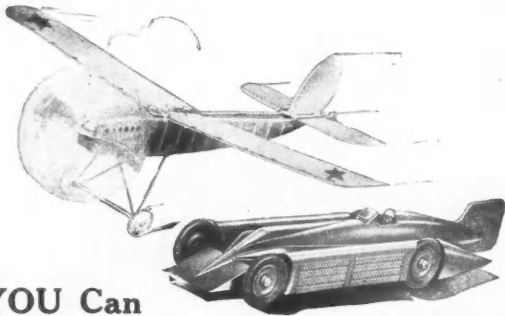
PENICK & FORD, Ltd., Inc.
Dept. C-6, New Orleans, La.

(Check what you want—either or both)

- ☐ Brer Rabbit's Cookie Set. I enclose 3 Brer Rabbit Molasses labels.
☐ Free copy of recipe book "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies".

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YOU Can Stage This Thrilling Race

PICTURE a giant aeroplane roaring through space in a race with Major Seagrave's world's record-breaking monster racing car—the "Golden Arrow"!

You can stage a race like this with toys

You can have the Kingsbury "Golden Arrow", a 21" exact copy in shape, color, all the details—even genuine rubber tires—made by Dunlop. Beautifully built all of steel, equipped with extra powerful clock-spring racing motor, \$3. (West of Miss. \$3.30).

And you can have the Kingsbury "Silver Arrow"—the most sensational flying plane in years. It may be launched by hand and it "takes off" from the ground. See it speed away over the housetops, banking, diving and dipping on a long continuous flight. Not a construction toy but a fully built plane. A few moments to assemble and it's ready to fly. Wings and body of Balsa wood, reinforced with aluminum braces; aluminum propeller; strong elastic motor. (Two Models: No. 1, Racing Type, 18 in. wing spread, \$1; No. 2, Racing Type 24 in. wing spread, \$2. No. 21, Cabin Type, 22 in. wing spread, \$2.50, as illustrated. (West of Miss., \$1.10, \$2.20, \$2.75.) If your dealer hasn't these thrilling Kingsbury toys, order direct. Kingsbury Mfg. Co., 80L Myrtle St., Keene, N. H.

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MOTOR DRIVEN TOYS

Send 10¢ for unique eraser.
A disc wheel from a
Kingsbury toy with



"balloon" tire of fine
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Toy Catalog Free.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO DRAW LIKE THAT?



You can have lots of fun and learn to draw at the same time, if your Dad will buy you one of our "Old Faithful" Play Sets. These beautiful drawing sets have drawing books, paints, brushes, crayons, pictures to color, modeling material, colored pencils, paper dolls, scissors, and dozens of other things that you can use.

We have sets for the smallest tot and more elaborate ones for even the most ambitious young artist.

Send for our free illustrated Treasure Chest catalog. It will tell you all about these "Old Faithful" Play Sets.

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DALLAS, TEXAS SANTA FE BUILDING

"Old Faithful" Play Sets

THE ENCHANTED DOOR

[Continued from page 567]

JACK (*eagerly*): I'll let him off—I will, Oh, I will, if you'll only point the way to that door.

[The book friends all cluster together and whisper for a moment. Then ROBIN HOOD steps forward.]

ROBIN HOOD: My guess, Jack, is that your door to happiness is the entrance to my Sherwood Forest—where the sun shines gaily, the flowers never sleep, and high adventure lurks behind every bush!

CHESHIRE CAT (*aside*): Me-ow! That door is probably the rabbit hole that leads to Wonderland. But I won't tell! [She washes her face with her paw with a superior air.]

ROBINSON CRUSOE: A door to happiness? Isn't that the sea—the turquoise sea that leads to emerald islands—full of treasure?

ALI BABA: That door is the side of my mountain. Come with me, and as I cry, "Open, Sesame!" 'twill swing wide and show much glittering gold within.

JACK: All those doors are good in their way. But they don't bring *enough* happiness. None alone is the enchanted door I'm looking for. I'm sure of that.

[He starts after WILLIE again.]

EDITH: Wait! [He turns around and finds that her face is glowing.] Don't you see? The door leading to many of the happiest hours is the door to Bookland.

ALL: Of course! We never thought of that.

EDITH (*glowing*): Every public library is an enchanted doorway leading there! Look what happy hours you will find in Bookland with hundreds of book friends, old and new, all beckoning you to fascinating adventure!

JACK (*getting up and throwing away his sling shot*): That's it! I'm going to climb down the new beanstalk right away and find one. Come out, Giant. You're safe now!

[WILLIE crawls out from under the couch and he and JACK shake hands. The cat slinks out at the right.]

WILLIE: No hard feelings. Let's have a song before you go and some refreshments. (to MRS. GIANT) You're sure there are no bones, my dear?

MRS. GIANT (*smiling*): Something better than bones—doughnuts! [She goes off at the left.]

ALL (*dancing around JACK and singing*):

Come along to Bookland now,

Come along to-day!

Adventures new are waiting you

All along the way,

Fairies beckon, heroes call,

Book chums are at play!

All aboard for Bookland now—

Come along to-day!

[CURTAIN]

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

(Continued from page 576)

that these experiences and a thousand others are slipping into her mind and "seeping down into the warm little sitting room of her heart where they will hang like pictures on a wall."

You, too, have longed to put words together in praise of ships and the sea, in praise of heroes, in praise of forest things. Said Fionn to the King's Poet, when they met beside the Silver Pool, "When you rode past the Wood of the Golden Hawks, I thought that if I had the choice of speech with any one man that went by me there in a flashing chariot, or on a proud-stepping horse, I would choose to have speech with you. . . . The forest taught me woodcraft; but he who is ignorant of poetry is but a churl!"

There is wisdom for us in the Fionn Saga, now retold in a beautiful book by Ella Young called *The Tangle-Coated Horse*. It was the King's Poet who would share the Salmon of Knowledge. To him Fionn passed on what a wise woman taught him, "I have heard that men of learning and poets can snare the Salmon in a net made of their dreams." It would be well if all of us now and then stopped to catch those dreams—to read again and again and yet again those books in which the teller of the tale gives us "only a fragment of what he has access to."

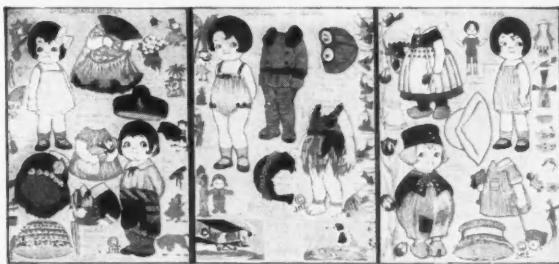
The quiet acceptance of hardship, the ability to think clearly—these are the qualities which make a good Viking tale. Of such is *Olaf, the Glorious*. How Olaf grew skillful in the knowledge of men, how he secretly learned all that a king's son should know, and how he finally came into his birthright, are episodes in the story. The book will remind you, or help you to discover for the first time, those other splendid tales—*Rolf and the Viking's Bow* and *Grettir, the Strong*.

After we have been to many countries, after we have listened to the call of the mountains or of the sea, there comes a time when we are glad "to settle down." Then it is that we look about us for other books—stories of school and home, stories of animals, mechanical books, tales of "playthings in action."

Two Brothers and Their Animal Friends is a humorous picture book by Lois Lenski. When I tell you that there is in the story a yellow cat, a red-haired dog, an old white horse you will be sure to make the acquaintance of Frederick Philip and Jonathon Joseph.

You will be delighted to know that there is now *The Christopher Robin Story Book*. It is a collection of verses and stories about the little boy—taken from *When We Were Very Young* and *Now We Are Six*, from *Winnie-the-Pooh* and *The House at Pooh Corner*. Here again we meet Pooh and Piglet, Eeyore and Kanga. Their discussion of the Fiercer Animals gives us time to slip in *The Story of Woofin-Poofin* by Marguerite Buller. Would the china dog, with gold dots sprinkled over his coat, be considered "a very small animal or one of the fiercer variety"?

(Continued on page 614)



New Series No. 3. DOLLY DINGLE CUTOUTS THE WORLD'S BEST by Grace G. Drayton Printed in Beautiful Colors on Heavy Cardboard

IN this series Dolly Dingle travels by airplane to Mexico, Honolulu, China, Spain, Scotland, Belgium and Holland; includes her aviation costumes and the native costumes of her friends in these countries, and her American friends. Series No. 3 consists of 3 large folders; each folder consists of 3 leaves; size of each page 11½ x 16 inches; containing in all 9 series of cutouts: 13 dolls with costumes, etc.; they are printed in beautiful colors on the front, and on the back of most of the pieces are little travel stories with pictures, and after you cut the pieces out you will always have the little stories on the back. The 3 folders are tied with handsome ribbon and put up in glassine envelope in which you may keep your cutouts clean.

With this special offer we will also send you a sheet of four travel stories about Dolly Dingle with instructions for making into four little books, and 4 beautiful Christmas Booklets size 3 x 4 inches, printed in brilliant colors throughout.

THESE MAKE WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Send 50 cents in check, money order, coin or stamps, and all the above will be mailed to you postage prepaid.

JOHN H. EGGERS CO. INC. Dept. CL. 471 Fourth Avenue, New York City



What's
wrong with
this picture?



WELL, naturally, rapping one's spoon on the table is NOT good manners. But, you can't blame this youngster for his noisy enthusiasm . . . he's just seen dessert coming . . . a lovely quivery gelatin . . . and a plate of his favorite Raisin Cup Cakes!

It pays to be sure the sweets you give your children are made of the very finest ingredients. The choice of even

such an apparently small item as baking powder is of vital importance.

Little cakes made with Royal Baking Powder are nourishing and wholesome as well as delicious. For Royal, the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder, is the standard of food experts everywhere. And large numbers of doctors specify Cream of Tartar Baking Powder as the most healthful.

FREE . . . the Royal Cook Book. It gives the recipe for Raisin Cup Cakes and many other delicious little cakes you'll surely want to make. Send for your copy—it's free!



Royal, the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Absolutely pure.

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114 East 42nd Street, New York City
Please send free copy of Royal Cook Book.

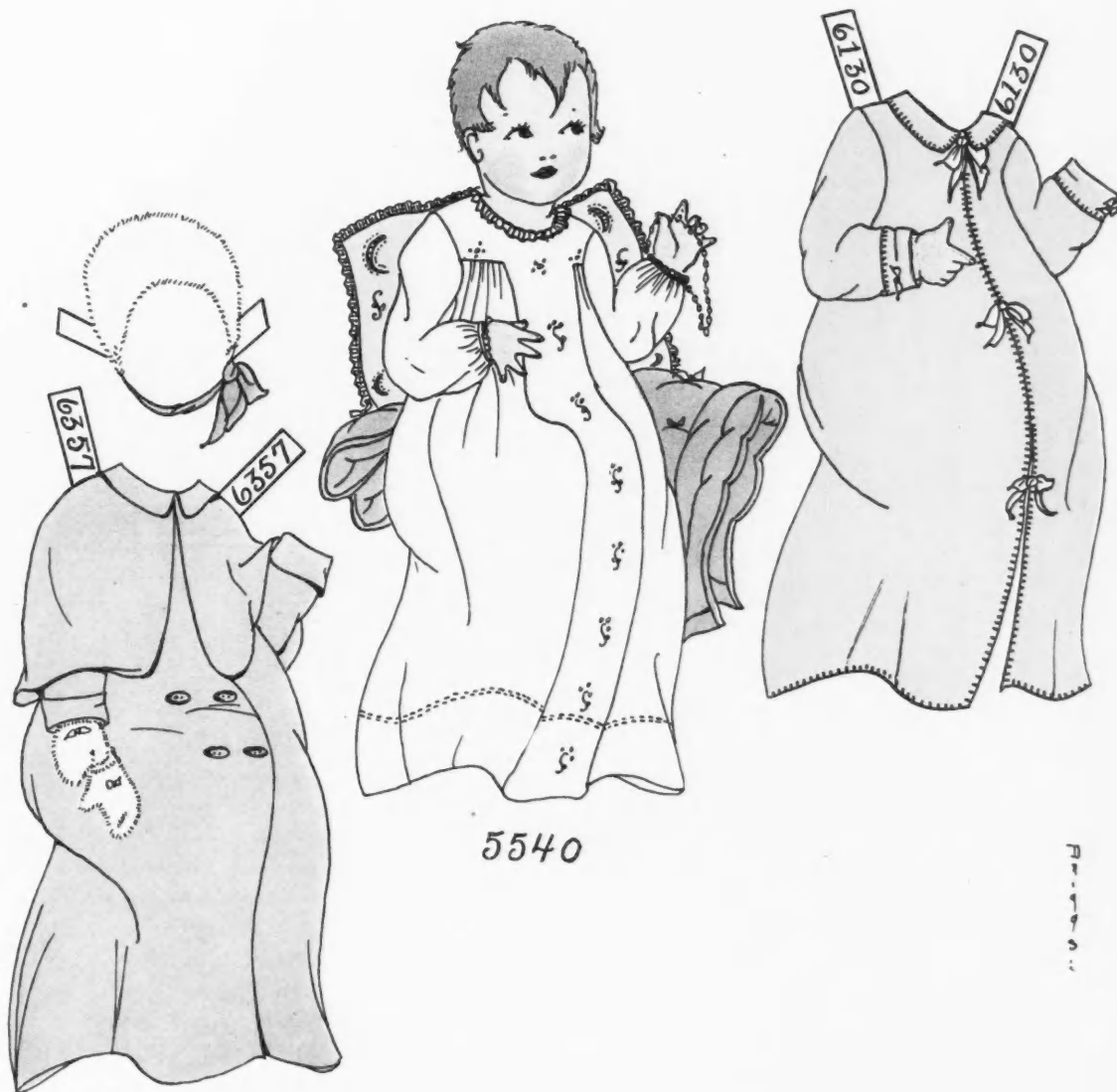
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Address _____
City _____ State _____



(For directions see page 600)

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.



THE paper-doll baby is very grateful on her first Thanksgiving day for her comfortable, pretty clothes. Her dainty dress of fine nainsook, a cunning wool crepe jacket and little flannel coat. Your baby brother or sister can have clothes like these, too.

Each pattern contains several other garments.
 Pattern 6357, Size 6 months. Robe, gown, slip, coat, booties.
 Pattern 5540, Size 6 months. Dress and slip.
 Pattern 6130, Size 6 months. Dress, jacket and slip.

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

(Continued from page 586)

Ovaltine itself in the various stages of its manufacture. Now let's go down to the packing room!"

"Aren't these all happy-looking rooms!" exclaimed Ruth, looking around at the beautiful white walls, high ceilings and large glass skylight through which the sun streamed down upon some girls in spotless white caps and aprons. This was the packing room and the girls were overseeing the packing which was still done by the machines that Cousin Carl had called "educated."

"I think they deserve a diploma for this work," said Robert, staring hard at the empty cans traveling along a belt to the filling machines which poured into each can the right amount.

"Look, now they are weighed again and a filler here, if a can isn't quite full enough, adds just the amount needed," explained their guide. "That's pretty smart for a machine, isn't it?"

The children agreed that it was and then turned their attention to another machine that put bottoms on all the cans (they had been filled upside down) and sealed them so quickly that Ruth gasped.

"They can put these on 95 a minute!" laughed their guide.

"Over here, you see the can turns a somersault and is pushed along to these girls who drop this tiny circular on and then this heavy iron wheel puts on another air-tight top."

"And here," added Cousin Carl, "we can see the girls pack twelve cans into each carton which the sealing machine glues together."

"And look," cried Ruth, who had been talking to the guide, "here's another machine that can tell if all twelve cans are in. If they aren't, the box is stopped and the extra can is added. But they say they don't have to do this very often!"

"And now all the cans of Ovaltine have to do is to travel to the stores where we can all buy them," added Robert. "I wish the boys and girls in the fifty-four countries where they drink Ovaltine could see this beautiful home and watch it being made!"

"So do I!" laughed Ruth.

"Well, before we leave, let's go and see the laboratory," said Cousin Carl.

"My, isn't that wonderful!" exclaimed Robert, as he gazed at all the scientific apparatus arranged neatly along the benches—funny looking glass tubes and flasks containing colored liquids, some of them bubbling hot over jets of gas. Each chemist in his spotless, white coat was busily engaged in making some special test or investigation.

"What's that chemist doing with that blue liquid in that flask?" asked Ruth. "Let's ask him."

"That's the way we test for diastase," explained the chemist.

"Oh yes," said Robert, "that's what Cousin Carl was talking about. That's the stuff that digests starches in oatmeal, potatoes and other foods and that's what Ovaltine contains."

Over in another corner was the head chemist looking intently through a long tube with a light at the end of it. "This is what we call a polariscope," he explained. "It's used for sugar testing

(Continued on page 621)

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

(Continued from page 611)

Shall we let Christopher Robin decide that or Mr. Moss in whose funny little shop *Woofin-Poofin* lived?

TALES OF MANY COUNTRIES

- Adventures of Andris* - Elizabeth P. Jacob
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
Alanna - Helen Coale Crew
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
Bob Bartlett, Master Mariner - Fitzhugh Green
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
A Boy in Eirinn - Padraic Colum
E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK
Christ Legends - Selma Lagerlof
HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK
A Daughter of the Seine - Jeanette Eaton
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
I Go A-Traveling - James S. Tippet
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK
Myself When Young, A Boy in Persia - Youel Mirza
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., NEW YORK
Nannette of the Wooden Shoes - Esther Brann
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
Olaf Lofoten, Fisherman - Constance W. Schram
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
Sky Travel - A. Ralph and Margaret Romer
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
Sophie - Madame de Segur
ALFRED A. KNOPF, NEW YORK

STORIES OF STRANGE HAPPENINGS

- The Jolly Tailor* - L. M. Borski and Kate B. Miller
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
The Joyous Aztecs - J. G. Francis
THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK
The Lost King - Helen Coale Crew
THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK
Made in America - Susan Smith
ALFRED A. KNOPF, NEW YORK
Olaf, The Glorious - Robert Leighton
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
Noisy Nora - Hugh Lofting
FREDERICK A. STOKES, NEW YORK
The Sons of O'Cormac - Aldis Dunbar
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
The Tangle-Coated Horse - Ella Young
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
Tomson's Halloween - Margaret Baker
DUFFIELD & COMPANY, NEW YORK
Vaino, A Boy of Finland - Julia D. Adams
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
A Voyage to Treasure Island - Anna C. Chandler
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

ADVENTUROUS ANIMALS

- Black Storm* - Thomas C. Hinkle
WILLIAM MORROW & COMPANY, NEW YORK
Chief of the Herd - Dhan Gopal Mukerji
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
Circus Menagerie - Edwin P. Norwood
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
Coco, the Goat - Rhea Wells
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
The Cow Next Door - Marion Bullard
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
Merry Animal Tales - Madge A. Bigham
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON
"Scottie," The True Story of a Dog - M. B. Walker
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, NEW YORK
Smoky. Illustrated in color - Will James
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Story of Woofin-Poofin - Marguerite Buller
ROBERT M. MCBRIDE & COMPANY, NEW YORK

AT HOME AND THEREABOUT

- Betty Leicester* - Sarah Orne Jewett
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON
Christopher Robin Story Book - A. A. Milne
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
The Fun-Craft Book - R. T. Dixon and Marjorie Hartwell
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
Henry Ford, Motor Genius - William A. Simonds
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
Jane and Jerry - Edna Whiteman
THOMAS NELSON & SONS, NEW YORK
The Jumping-Off Place - Marian H. McNeely
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
Juniper Green - Mary W. Keyes
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
Magical Mysteries Made Easy - Fred H. McElphones
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
My Garden of Stories - Ella A. Blaisdell
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON
Over and Over Stories - Margaret and Clarence Weed
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
The Sew-It Book - Rachel Taft Dixon
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
The Stay-At-Homes Birds - M. N. Morris
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, NEW YORK
Strange Birds at the Zoo - Julia T. E. Stoddart
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, NEW YORK
What Will You Do When You Grow Up - Beria and Elmer Hader
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK



CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

(Continued from page 587)

quickly we would be forbidden the kitchen (and rightly so!) if we *did*. But as we leave nothing behind us but order and some good cooking, we are always asked to cook some more.

And now to our candy. We shall make a small batch first, just enough for two or three persons to pull, till we get the hang of the cooking and pulling. Then we shall double the amount of everything and make more. Then if we want to have a big taffy pulling party some rainy afternoon we may take four times everything and have plenty of candy for the whole crowd. We shall use a good standard brand of New Orleans molasses and table butter for greasing the plates. And if you think you may spill, spread clean newspapers on the floor before beginning work as molasses "drips" are a bother to wash up.

MOLASSES TAFFY

Measure out 4 tablespoonfuls of butter.

Use 1 tablespoonful of this butter for greasing three plates or tin pans.

Put 1 1/2 tablespoonfuls into a saucepan and set aside the rest for buttering hands when it's time to pull the taffy.

Melt the butter you have put into the saucepan over a slow fire. Tip the pan around so that the melted butter oils the sides of the pan.

Measure 1 cupful of New Orleans molasses and pour into the saucepan.

Measure 1/3 cupful of sugar and add to the molasses.

Stir till well dissolved.

Bring the molasses to a boil. Set in a candy thermometer and boil till it reaches 260 degrees. Stir gently while boiling. If you have no thermometer, set a cup of cold water beside the taffy on the stove and now and then drop a drop of the molasses into the water. If the drop becomes brittle in cold water, the candy is done.

Pour it out in equal portions into the three pans and set aside to cool. While the candy is cooling, wash the cooking dishes and utensils and your own hands.

When the candy is cool enough to handle comfortably (do not wait till it is really cold as it will be too "set") butter all hands, pick up the candy and pull it, drawing it gently but firmly from hand to hand till it is fluffy and golden brown. If you need more butter on your hands, use it, as the taffy should not be allowed to stick. Draw the taffy out into a long, smooth band and cut into inch and a half lengths, using the kitchen scissors. Spread the pieces on paraffin paper to cool. We are supposing you will have two little friends for helpers. If you have only one helper, divide the candy into two parts instead of three.

Perhaps you want to take the candy to school for a party, or pack it in a box. If so, cut sheets of paraffin paper into three inch squares and wrap each piece of taffy neatly and separately before packing it away.

If you want a lighter taffy, for a change, use 1/2

"Come on, Sis."



RUNNING, romping, playing. How important to give active boys and girls nourishing foods. "Lemco" is excellent for growing children. Beef makes good blood that builds strong, healthy bodies and fortifies against sickness. "Lemco" is concentrated Beef at its best.

"LEMCO"

Provides the sustenance of beef in an easily assimilable form. Its appetizing flavor appeals to all. A 1/4 teaspoon dissolved in hot water makes a delicious, clear beef-bouillon. To soups, sauces, gravies, fish, meats, vegetables and salads "Lemco" adds a tempting richness that gives to every-day dishes a delicate flavor all its own.

A "Lemco" Recipe Book will be sent free on request.

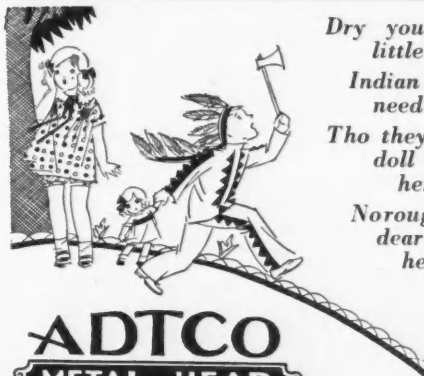


LAMONT CORLISS & COMPANY
133 Hudson St. New York

U. S. Distributors for
OXO Limited, London, England

Insist on "Lemco"
at your grocery and
drug store.

"LEMCO"
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF



Dry your eyes my
little dear,

Indian chiefs you
need not fear.

Tho they scalp your
doll and shake
her

Norough treatment
dear can break
her.

ADTCO METAL HEAD DOLLS

Are Guaranteed to be
UNBREAKABLE

In addition, their "Go-to-Sleep" eyes are guaranteed, they are light in weight, sanitary, beautifully lifelike, yet they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

Avoid a childhood tragedy, buy her an ADTCO Metal-Head Doll, America's only doll with a guaranteed UNBREAKABLE metal head.

At most good stores. Write for nearest distributors name.

ATLAS

Doll & Toy Co., Inc.
208 S. Charles St.
Baltimore, Md.





Her future health- and today's Shoes

Incorrectly designed or poorly fitted shoes force tender, growing bones, muscles and tendons into unnatural positions. Gradually the foot takes form — and the damage is done! Nervous disorders and much physical pain can result during the years of maturity from shoe abuse in childhood.

Simplex Flexies are the best "foot insurance" you can buy for your children. Flexies safeguard the precious heritage of "perfect feet" that is every child's birthright. Flexies help growing feet to exercise and develop naturally, as they should. The famous Flexies health lasts conform in every way to the demands of Nature. And yet, with all this, Flexies are delightfully stylish — shoes to be proud of!



Flexies are made in both high and low styles, in a great variety of leathers.

Ask your shoe dealer about these healthful, charming, inexpensive little shoes.

Simplex **SIMPLEX SHOE MFG. COMPANY**
Dept. E-119, Milwaukee, Wis.

Flexies

KEEP YOUNG FEET YOUNG

Fill out and mail the coupon. It will bring you two very interesting, nicely illustrated booklets — one for your information and one for the children's entertainment.



Gentlemen: Send me name of nearest Flexies dealer — also your booklets "The Care of Baby's Feet," explaining the six fundamental features to look for in children's shoes, and "The Tale of Brownie Lightfoot," a fairy story for the kiddies.

Name
Address E-119

cupful of New Orleans molasses and $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of light corn syrup in the recipe.

Perhaps it isn't convenient to have a taffy pull as often as you would like to cook and you want some other recipe for using molasses. Maybe you would like to bake something. You might enjoy making a small loaf of molasses brown bread by this recipe. It's very good and the amounts can be doubled if you want to make more at any time.

MOLASSES BROWN BREAD

Put $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of New Orleans molasses into a saucepan and add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of soda and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt.

Stir gently and bring to a boil. Remove from the fire to cool.

While it is cooling, oil a small oblong bread pan with butter or cooking oil and cover the bottom of the pan with paper, well oiled.

To the molasses add 1 cupful of sour milk or buttermilk,

1 cupful of bran and 1 cupful of flour.

Beat till smooth and then stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of seedless raisins and $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful broken nut meats. Stir well.

Pour the batter into the buttered pan, spread smooth and bake for 40 minutes in a moderate oven. (325 degrees.)

Remove from the pan, strip off the paper and cool on a wire rack. Do not cut till thoroughly cool.

This bread is delicious for sandwiches or for luncheon or Sunday evening tea.

MENU FOR SUNDAY TEA

Omelet with Mushroom Sauce	
Apple Salad	Brown Bread Jam
Milk	Cookies Taffy



THANKSGIVING SMELLS

ELEANOR HAMMOND

OUT from under
The kitchen door
The fragrant smells
Creep by the score!

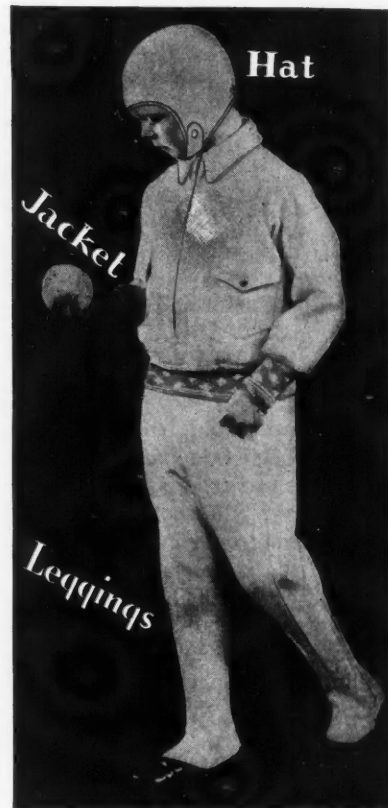
Grandma may whisper,
"Surprises, dear!"
And Mother may say,
"Now play out here!"

But I can guess
And I can tell!
I know what they're making
Very well!

It's giblet gravy
And sweet potatoes,
And brown mince pie
And stewed tomatoes!

And there's pumpkin pie
With cinnamon in it
And turkey roasting
This very minute!

And this is the way
One always tells—
By the spicy, fragrant
Thanksgiving smells!



Standard

ZIP FASTENER SETS

IN RAUTEX

(100%) PURE VIRGIN WOOL

AND DURTEX

(80%) PURE VIRGIN WOOL

ARE BEST FOR
YOUR CHILD'S
HEALTH AND COMFORT

JACKET and leggings sets are ideal outdoor winter garments for children. And when they bear the "STANDARD" label . . . then you know they're really warm, and carefully tailored for comfort and play-freedom. "STANDARD SETS" are honest values . . . cold-proof, windproof, and showerproof . . . that's why you should "BE SURE THEY'RE STANDARD."

Sizes 1 to 10. In Camel, Brown, Navy, Powder Blue, Grey, Beaver, Poppy, Green, Rust, Red Pepper and Tweed combinations.

If you cannot obtain Standard Sets in your favorite store, write us mentioning size and color desired and your store's name. We will see that your order is filled immediately.

S. RAUH & CO.

650 Sixth Avenue - New York

BE SURE THEY'RE "STANDARD"



CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of the children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to
CHILD LIFE

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, Editor

536 S. CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

NOVEMBER

November brings Thanksgiving day,
Thank you, Lord, all folks should say,
Thank you for gifts from above,
Thank you for your care and love.

ELZA MACK,
Chicago, Ill.

MY STORY BOOK GARDEN

In the center of my garden
Is a gnarled old apple tree,
And there I have a perch I love
Where I and my dreams are free.

I see fairies in my garden,
Looking out from flowers fair,
And elves and gnomes dance all about
'Mid wondrous colors rare.

Sometimes I see fair Goldilocks
And Alice in Wonderland,
And mermaids lying on cool green rocks
With mirrors in their hands.

King Arthur and his knights are there
In tournaments so bold,
And pages, squires, and ladies fair,
And Elaine with hair of gold.

And then, just as it all seems true,
My mother calls to me;
My fairy friends all disappear—
And I'm back in the apple tree!

MARJORY H. OWEN,
Carson City, Mich.
Age 9



CLIFFORD HICKS AND HIS BROTHER

Dear Miss Waldo:

My mother and I gave a party to a group of blind children on my birthday. We had lots of fun. We played games and the children sang for us. I played the piano for them too.

We call our summer home Gan-Eden. It is not very far from Valley Forge where Washington encamped during the Revolution. The Valley Forge Chapel is so beautiful with its windows showing the life of Washington and the patriots that it will soon be known as the Westminster of America. Last time I visited the Chapel, Dr. Burke, who is the minister, let me play on the organ. It was Maryland Day also and the chimes given by this state were played by one of the girls.

Washington's headquarters contain his belongings and are most interesting.

DOROTHY SELTZER,
Norristown, Pa.

Dear Child Life:

My grandmother has given my brother, Paul, and me "Child Life," for Christmas for three years. We like it fine, and Daddy has had two years' copies bound. They make nice big books.

My brother is ten years old and I am eight. I have a little workshop in our basement and find lots of things to make in my magazine.

We just returned from our vacation trip to the lakes. From

CLIFFORD HICKS,
Marshalltown, Iowa.
Age 8.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am having the best time reading the foreign letters in my magazine. We take our atlas, dictionary and encyclopedia, and read about the countries and look them up in the atlas. I think it is a lot of fun.

I live way up in the state of Washington where there are vast forests. My father is a lumberman.

My mother gave me my magazine for Christmas three years ago and I like it more and more every year. I hope I will get it this Christmas again, for I would miss it very, very much.

I am making a cook book of the recipes, and on rainy days my little playmate, Alice, and I cook on my little electric range and try out the recipes.

The mystery stories are very exciting and I did like "Ann's Gift."

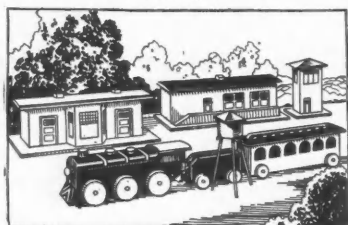
Your interested reader,
ELIZABETH SHIVES,
Toledo, Wash.
Age 9

Falcon toys that last

The New Falcon "PLAYTOWN SETS"



An entirely new toy—a regular village with solid wood houses in colors—three types of sets—each set different. Children play with them indoors in winter—in the sand pile in summer. In addition to the set buildings there is also a big assortment of cut blocks for building walks and fences. Extra trees and shrubs for landscape effects.



Falcon Train Set—Engine, tender, coach, station, freight depot, signal tower and water tower. The station is 10 in. long, 3½ in. wide and 4 in. high; other pieces in proportion. Another of the 3 Playtown Toys.

3 Sets complete \$9.00 Single Sets \$3.00



And here we have the "Little Home Builders" building real houses with

FALCON BUILDING LUMBER

Cut in multiple units so everything "fits"—goes together just like an actual "Ready Cut" house. Architect's Plan Book gives full instructions.

Auxiliary Blocks in Bags \$1.00

Interchangeable with the pieces in Falcon Building Lumber Sets

Most Toy Stores sell "Falcon Toys that last"

If you have any difficulty in getting them

MAIL THE COUPON

AMERICAN MFG. CONCERN, Dept. A D
Falconer, N. Y.

I enclose \$_____ for the Falcon Toys indicated below—money to be refunded if I wish to return the shipment before Christmas.

- _____ Complete Playtown Sets at \$9.
- _____ Single Playtown Sets at \$3.
- _____ Sets of Building Lumber at \$5.
- _____ Sets of Building Lumber at \$3.50.
- _____ Bags of Auxiliary Blocks at \$1.

Name _____

Address _____

A SURPRISE

My mother was reading me a story. My little brother was standing on a doll's trunk, near a table. On the table stood a lamp; on the side of the lamp were three cocoons and my little brother said "What is dis?" Mother said, "They are cocoons. Moths should be coming out, but I am afraid something has happened and no moths will come out after all."

My mother had a surprise when she looked at the lamp. There was a big moth miller and it was very pretty. It had soft gray and red and brown wings. It was large and, oh, it was so pretty, that moth.

ERNA LOUISE MUELLER,
Lakewood, Ohio.

Age 6½.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am eleven years old and go to a private American school. Last year there were thirteen children in the school.

Two weeks before school ended last year, each pupil made a book out of all of his things he had made during that year, taking his best work and making a heavy paper cover with decorations of whatever the child chose.

I have a pure white pony. She is very gentle and I ride her to school every day.

My brother has a collie dog named Scout. He looks just like "Scottie" in the story, "Lost, Strayed or Stolen." He is two years old.

We also have two pure white bunnies and five tame pigeons.

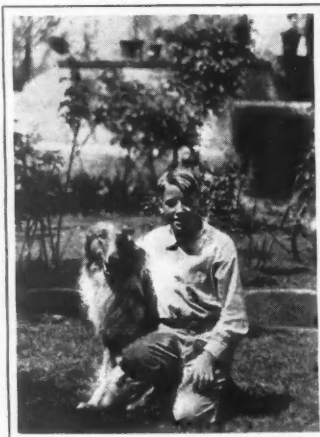
We have a swimming pool and peach, orange and lemon trees in our patio.

I have four sisters and one brother and we all enjoy our magazine.

I am sending under separate cover a picture of my brother John, with his collie dog Scout taken in our patio.

RUTH BOATRIGHT,
Guanajuato Gto., Mexico.

Age 11



JOHN BOATRIGHT

THE SQUIRRELS

Up and down the tree they go,
Chasing each other to and fro.
As I was playing ball one day,
They came and got right in my way.

GRACE ANNE HOSFORD,
Newport, R. I.

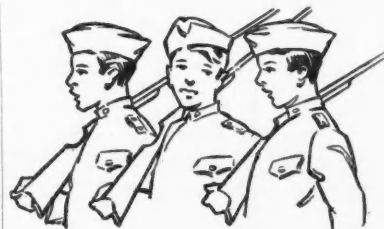
Age 8

NOVEMBER

Again the days are bleak and cold,
Thanksgiving Day is very near,
This day recalls to young and old,
The Pilgrims' first one, of good cheer.

PEGGY MCNEILL,
Nashville, Tenn.

Age 11



These are days of character-making...

Company... Attention!... Forward... March!

What a lot of fun those youngsters get out of playing soldier, playing camp, hunting Indians... and all the many games of imagination known only to childhood. These are days when their self-reliance and sportsmanship are in the making.

These are days, too, when one of the entrancing, harmless little Savage Play Guns is such a vital, character-building aid to their play—toys that develop steady eyes and hands, character and manliness.

Savage Play Guns are not air rifles... but safe, easy-to-work toys that shoot light pellets by means of a spring.

"Savage Play Rifle" Model 31

Here's a well-known 15-shot repeating Play Rifle that provides a fascinating bell-target scoring game, interesting to parents and youngster alike. A harmless, easy-to-work, strongly built rifle that shoots a spring propelled pellet of light composition. (Not an Air Rifle.) Retail Price complete with target and pellets: \$5.00.

"Western Scout" Model 32

The sturdiest 7-shot repeater you've ever seen. Easy to cock by the pull-back handle. Simple and well-built. Safe for youngsters to use, either in or outdoors. Shoots spring propelled light wooden balls. Price only \$2.50.

"Indian Chief" Model 33

And here's just the toy gun for those very little chaps... a single shot play rifle that is very easy for them to operate.

Its stock is colored a rich enameled red. Its safety is instantly apparent. Also shoots light wooden balls. Price \$1.75.

See these Three Toy Guns on display at Your Favorite Department Store or Hardware Store. They make ideal Christmas presents.

SAVAGE PLAY GUNS

Manufactured by
SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION
Toy Division Utica, N. Y.



EXAMS ARE ON!

WHICH WAY
WILL your children
TURN NOW?

This is the middle of the fall term. The examinations are on. The children—your children—are being classified like sheep. They are either being marked up or marked down by busy teachers whose classes are too big for personal attention.

And the whole future of those children—your children—depends upon their marks in school. Because upon their marks in school depends their leadership in school. And upon their leadership in school depends their leadership in life.

Millions of children—amongst them your children—need more help right now, at this season of the year, than they will ever need again in the next twenty years. They must hold their standing amongst their little friends the same as you must hold your standing amongst your big friends. And

COMPTON'S

Pictured Encyclopedia for Children

will help them to do it.

Compton's is the great, new thing in the educational world. The tremendous home help that fifty thousand teachers and three hundred and fifty thousand mothers are already using every day.

For Compton's is a complete set of reference books in encyclopedic form written and pictured in terms that children can understand. The only set of reference works in encyclopedic form that they have ever had for their very own since children first went to school six thousand years ago.

And they thrive on it. They grow on it. They get better marks in school and greater leadership because of it. And through it they develop the success habit for life.

Compton's is the only thing of its time that has ever been created for children since the beginning of learning. No wonder it is so eagerly endorsed by the thousands of great educators and teachers all over America.

Sample Pictured Section Free

Mail this coupon and our Educational Advisor will send you a whole complete Pictured section of Compton's absolutely free. Then you will see for yourself how much it will mean for your children in your home. She will also send you a free "Questionnaire Game" which measures the general knowledge of any child of any age. The whole ten volumes of Compton can now be had for a first payment of as little as \$3.50 down.

Here is the coupon. Mail it now.

Compton's
Pictured Encyclopedia

F. E. COMPTON & CO.
Dept. 11-32, Compton Bldg.,
1000 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me at once, Free Sample Section and Free Questionnaire Game with full information as to how and where I can get Compton's.

Parent's Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

Dear Miss Waldo:

I love my magazine and Aunt Beth gives it to me as a Christmas gift every year. When I first got it Mother had to read it for me, but now I can read all the stories myself.

I am in the third grade. Vacation is fun, but I like school better.

I am sending you a picture of a tea party I had. I like tea parties and when my little friends come to see me we have so much fun playing tea party.

Your little friend,

LOIS ELENORE DANIELSON,
Waubay, S. D.

Age 7.



LOIS ELENORE DANIELSON

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have gotten "Child Life" for two years and I enjoy it very much. I like especially "Chip's Chums" and "Fairy Fancies." I love all fairy stories and have often wished I could find some fairies. I have traveled quite a lot, but I have never been across the ocean. I am a Girl Scout, and have been for quite a while. We have lots of fun and we do everything.

MARY ELIZABETH SCHUSTER,
Erie, Pa.

Age 12

MY TRIP TO THE OBSERVATORY

We started to climb Mt. Hamilton about three o'clock. At last when we reached the top it was six o'clock. We went into the Lick Observatory.

When we went in we saw some meteorites that fell to the ground. There was also a clock which tells the correct time. We saw a seismograph that tells how hard the earthquakes shake.

We were looking at these things until the professor came. When we were ready to look through the telescope it began to rain.

The professor said we could not see the moon that night, but he showed us a machine that told how hard the wind blew, and how much the rain fell.

We bought some cards of the moon and a book about the observatory.

It was a very interesting trip.

MABEL YAMAMOTO,
San Francisco, Calif.

LITTLE STAR

"Little star, come out and play
While the sun is bright and gay!"

"No, I can't come out and play
'Cause the sun will scare me away!"

EDWIN LINDSLEY HOOVER,
Denver, Colo.

Age 7½

If Toys are a . . .
Christmas Problem—

the Answer is

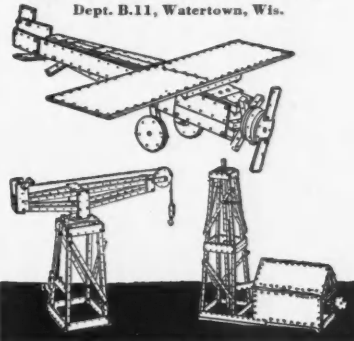
ARKITOIY

The Amazing New
Wood Construction Set

There is nothing else like it!

Here is a new, patent-protected toy building set with which the ingenious boy or girl can build an endless variety of sturdy, practical models that can be used as permanent toys. Teaches children to think as they play. Interesting and instructive. Arkitoy employs a scientific, mathematically calculated principle which makes possible perfect registration of materials in all manner of combinations. No hammering or sawing—materials are ready to put together, and they are wonderfully smooth and clean—wax-finished! Liberal supply of materials in every set, including rust-proofed machine screw bolts and nickel-plated wrench-screw-driver (the only tool needed). Four sizes: \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.50 and \$5.00—each a big value. Plan book with every set shows great variety of models that may be built. At leading stores—or shipped direct if your dealer cannot supply you, postage or express prepaid by us.

G. B. LEWIS COMPANY
Dept. B-11, Watertown, Wis.



MAIL THE COUPON!

G. B. LEWIS CO., Dept. B-11, Watertown, Wis.

☐ 10c enclosed for which send me 32 page Arkitoy Plan Book (included free with every set).

☐ Send free descriptive circular.

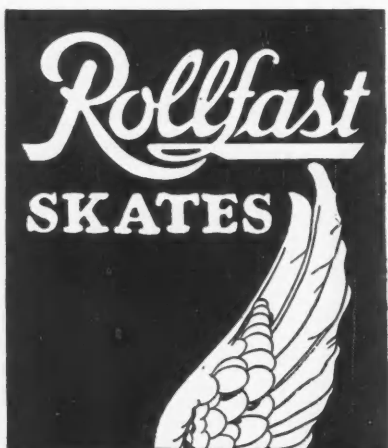
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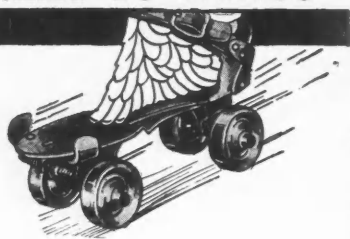
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Address.....



NEXT TO WINGS



The mark of the Lucky Kid

YOU'D agree he's lucky, if you could see him on his Rollfasts! He has the finest roller skates in his gang . . . and he knows it! He can skate faster—and longer without tiring—on the extra-big ball bearings and the smooth-rolling wheels that distinguish Rollfasts. He's a leader!

And he's safe! Rollfasts hug the ground like a long, lean roadster. Their staunch construction . . . the best steel made for skates . . . takes all the punishment he can give (which is plenty).

Besides only Rollfasts have the "Patented Flexible Reinforcement" that lets them "give" freely, yet prevents them from sagging or bending even tho fully extended.

Rollfasts grow with their owner. They extend from 7½ to 10½ inches and fit any size child's or adult's shoe. Sold by sporting goods, toy, hardware and bicycle stores . . . in bright orange boxes.

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY
D. P. Harris Building New York, N. Y.

JACK FROST

Jack Frost comes around at nighttime
And paints my window sill.
He paints so many pretty things
It gives me quite a thrill.

He paints pretty castles,
As tall as tall can be.
He paints a lovely landscape
That pleases you and me.

LORRAINE CHASE,
St. Paul, Minn.

NONO OF THE CIRCUS

Nono was in the circus. He was a tight-rope walker and looked like a small monkey as he ran over the rope. Nono's life was hard, but he wouldn't have given it up for all of our homes. It was a very warm day in June. The sun beat down on the canvas tent until it was almost unbearable; nevertheless a large crowd was there.

Nono had finished his act and it was time for the elephants to come in. Their trainer was a man given over to moods. If he was in a good mood he was pleasant as anyone could be; if in a bad one he was as unpleasant as anyone could be.

Nono watched the large beasts go out with an anxious eye. Their keeper, on account of the heat, was in a mood that boded no good for anyone. Again and again the whip cracked close to their ears. That and the heat were too much for them. With roars of rage one started for the keeper, the others for the panic-stricken crowd.

Nono in idle moments had taken lessons from the flute player and had at last learned to play "The Star Spangled Banner," of which he was very proud. The band had stopped and was gazing with terror at the maddened elephants. Like a flash Nono had snatched the flute out of the man's limp hands and was running madly toward the elephants playing "The Star Spangled Banner" with all his might. The elephants stopped, looked around, and then quietly stepped into their ring. The fascination of music had worked its charm. Nono had saved hundreds of lives.

CAROLYN WALLACE,
Augusta, Ga.

Age 11½

Dear Miss Waldo:

On one of our trips last summer, we went to Massachusetts. We stopped one day to look at the Wayside Inn in South Hampton. This inn was used a long time ago. Downstairs in the kitchen there were pewter dishes on the table. In the fireplace there was a coal box with which to carry coal. There also were prongs, warming pans and kerosene lamps around.

The other rooms all had stories to tell. In one room, on the wall there hung a barrel. On one side of it were written these names—Thomas Edison, Henry Ford, Prince of Wales and names of other prominent men.

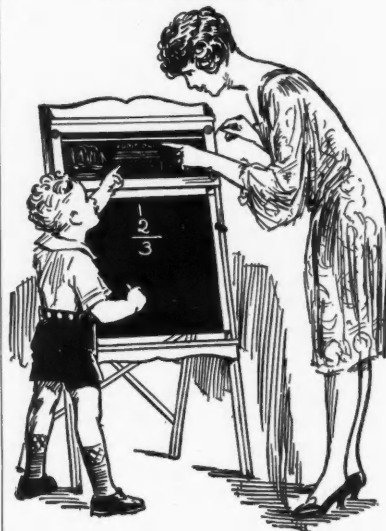
Mr. Ford (the owner of the inn) was given the barrel. He was given this by Ex-President Coolidge's father, who used it in a maple camp when a boy. Mr. Ford decided to have this barrel put up in his inn. He sent it to a factory to have it put in a steel bracket to be hung up. While it was in the factory, a young man came in and asked the workmen to let him sign his name on the barrel. Then the men didn't know what to do, but they let him. He signed his initials. They all were puzzled, but at last they guessed that he was Edward, Prince of Wales, and they guessed right.

Lots of love and best wishes from your interested reader,

VIRGINIA BENNETT,
Le Roy, N. Y.

Litho Plate

**Educational
BLACKBOARD**



—for Instructive Play Times

EARLY childhood play is the formative period that moulds the future of your boy or girl.

Let a LITHO PLATE Educational Blackboard mould the natural talents of your child to express himself while at play. Let the instructive and entertaining charts and smooth, unbreakable blackboard provide practical instruction and an endless source of amusement of which the child will never tire.

If your local merchant cannot supply you, we will be glad to send you a LITHO PLATE Educational Blackboard, as illustrated, with 40 educational charts and unbreakable, slated blackboard, \$4.95, or one having 60 educational charts with 30 charts in color, @ \$5.95, f. o. b. Muncie, Indiana.



**RICHMOND
SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.
Muncie, Indiana**

Journeys to Advertising Land

(Continued from page 614)

—to find out just how much of certain kinds of sugar there is in substances."

Another chemist was estimating lime and phosphorus in a sample of Ovaltine. "Lime and phosphorous, you know," said Cousin Carl, "are important food elements that we all must have, particularly children. They help build sturdy bones. Then there are other important elements in Ovaltine. Some of them build muscle and so create new strength; others build firm flesh and so constantly increase weight; others develop nerve poise. Then there is iron that fosters richer blood. Then there are the vitamins. No food can properly nourish without them. Ovaltine is rich in important vitamins."

"Well, now I understand so much about Ovaltine and how good it is," said Ruth, "I think it's about time we all had a drink of it."

"All right," said Cousin Carl, "let's go and get one."

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Children always remember the life-like scenes viewed through the Nu-Scope. Highly educational, entertaining, sanitary, collapsible, unbreakable. By mail \$1.00 prepaid including set of 10 views; also list of additional subjects. NU-SCOPE COMPANY, Reading, Pa.

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LOOK AT THEIR BEAUTY



Folk instinctively appreciate that you do fine embroidery when they see you use an "Adjusto" hoop. Silvery and gilt.

Rounds—4, 5, 6, 7" : 25 cents each
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The best stores sell them. Or send to
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**You can earn
MONEY**

For spare time or full time, we offer unusual inducements to men or women to demonstrate the new CHILDREN'S HOUR—the best stories for children, with new illustrations in color on every page. Write promptly.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge, Massachusetts

AUTUMN

See, the harvest moon is riding
Over the golden fields again;
And the woodland folks are hiding
In the grain.

HELEN LOUISE BOOTH,
Rye, N. Y.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live out in the western part of Texas. We see many interesting things here. One thing I like to see best are mirages. They appear like big lakes of water, but when you get to where you think they are, they have vanished completely. Sometime there are trees and little objects at the edge of them. Did you ever see one?

There are very few trees and song birds out here on the west Texas plains. I have not always lived here. My parents, myself



and little sister came from Gainesville, Texas. We had lots of trees and creeks there. In our yard we have a good many grape vines that have lots of grapes on them.

I have taken "Child Life" for four years, and can hardly wait each month to get it. I like the serial stories best of all. I am so glad to get my membership card and Mother is going to have it framed.

Your loving Joy Giver,

BETTY MITCHELL,
Sudan, Texas.

Box 44

TIMMY'S PRANK

Timmy was a fairy, and a very mischievous one at that. He was always getting into mischief. One day, when Boots, the cat, was sleeping, Timmy took all of Boots' babies and hid them in a drawer in the spare room. Then he quietly slipped out and went to sleep in a thimble.

After a long time Boots woke up. She yawned and stretched and then prepared to give her babies a bath. She went to the basket and, lo and behold, not a kitty did she see! Boots went to her mistress, Sally, and said, "Meow, meow, meow!" Sally, of course, didn't understand what was the matter. She leaned over to stroke Boots and she saw two tears roll out of Boots' eyes.

"Why, Boots," she cried, "what is it?" Sally got up and followed Boots. Meanwhile, Timmy had awakened and put each kitten back in its basket. Then when Sally and Boots came out, why, there was every single one of the kittens.

"Why, Boots," exclaimed Sally, "what is the matter? Here are all your kittens. That couldn't be what's making you cry."

But Boots didn't say anything; she just leaned over and licked them and gave them their baths.

MARY ELIZABETH SCHUSTER,
Erie, Pa.

GERLING'S DANCING DOLLIES

(PAT. PENDING—TRADE MARK)



They
Dance
They
Shimmy
They
Tango

Something entirely new—loads of fun for the Kiddies.

Put some lively dance music on the phonograph or radio, hold the ball on the end of the string, drop the dolls so that their feet touch the floor and then move your hand to the tune of the music. You will all be delighted with the dollies' dancing and will laugh heartily at their comic antics.

Although firmly joined together with strong fasteners, the dolls can be easily separated. Unbreakable composition heads, beautifully finished. Dressed in fine quality and washable materials.

If these Dancing Dolls are not for sale at your dealer's, mail coupon with \$2.95 to

THE GERLING TOY COMPANY

12 West 21st Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is for the Gerling Dancing Dolls.

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RAILWAY

851

A few designs selected from
pages in the new Sewing Book



You'll Love to Make These Things . . .

because they are so simple, so easy and so very effective. Pillows in colorful modernistic designs, handy bags as decorative as useful, dainty curtains, cute kiddies toys, smart junior dresses, attractive flower motifs, dainty baby things—all these are illustrated and described in our new Sewing Book. You can make them all through the use of Wright's Bias Fold Tape in its various fabrics, colors and widths.



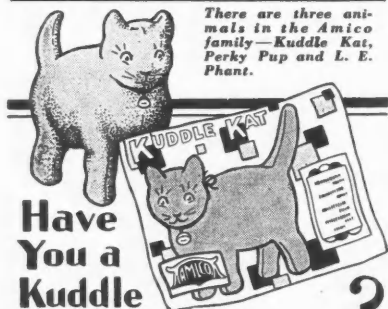
3 yard sample Free!

With every Sewing Book at 10c we will send a full three yard sample of our tape (guaranteed fast color) Free!

W. E. WRIGHT & SONS CO.
Dept. 159 Orange, N. J.

Be sure to ask for

WRIGHT'S BIAS FOLD TAPE



Have You a Kuddle Kat In Your Home?

KUDDLE CAT is winning more childish hearts than many expensive dolls. He is so life-like and full of fun that no one can resist him.

KUDDLE CAT IS LIFE SIZE made from durable colored flannel—brightly trimmed. Fill him full of rags or wool and he is ready for months of play.

AMMIDON & COMPANY
31 S. Frederick Street
Baltimore, Maryland

Enclosed find 25c for the Kuddle Kat ☐; Perky Pup ☐; L. E. Phant ☐; or 75c for the whole family ☐.

Name

Street

City State

THE FLAG

Here comes the flag,
"Hats off to thee!"
All nations love it.
It sets us free.

Age 7

BARBARA WOLFF,
Minneapolis, Minn.

PLANT LIFE

If you walk in the woods with ever listening ear,
The wondrous story of plant life you will hear.
Each bud, fern, moss, and tree will tell its own story.
The fern says, "How happy I am.
With my green shape just like a fan."
The moss, too, has its say,
But tells his in a different way.
Then the tree, stately and high,
Talks as the rolling clouds go by.
All these you can hear and even more,
If you only go in at Nature's door;
For there is plant life in every land.
No wonder people say, "Isn't Nature grand?"

Age 12

LEONARD LEE KORF,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I enjoy my magazine very much. I like the exciting stories the best. I have three brothers. Their names are John, Jim, and Philip, and they all like "Child Life" too.

I live in China, and I am not Chinese. I don't use chopsticks every day, but I can handle them when I have Chinese meals.

On the Fourth of July we Americans gave an International Children's Party on Shameen, the British Concession. There were Portuguese, Japanese, French, English, Chinese, German, Belgium, and Indian children. We had races, fire crackers, and plenty of ice cream. We also had some swimming.

We not only have fun on the American holidays but also on the Chinese holidays. One festival which just passed lately is the dragon boat festival. The way it came to pass is that the Emperor had a man to give him advice and once he decided to have a new advisor, and so the first advisor jumped into the water. Every year now every Chinese village builds narrow boats, which



are very long with a dragon head in the front and a dragon tail at the back. Sometimes there are two hundred men in the boats. They think that if they throw rice in the water the dragon will not harm the first advisor. When the dragon boats go out in the water they say that they are hunting for the man, but they really have exciting long races, with different villages. Another festival which I like is Chinese New Year, because of the good things to eat. For pets I have two bunnies and a cat. I hope some children will write to me soon.

Age 10

Lovingly yours,
CHRISTINE HOFMANN,
Paak Hok Tung,
Canton, China.



I heard my dolly scream!

"Ma-ma!" I knew she had hurt herself very badly. She had fallen from the bureau and when I picked her up I found her neck was broken—What to do!—LePage's, QUICK! Thousands of women, ever since they were little girls have used LePage's for mending. Now they use it also for making and decorating charming gifts of wood, leather, cloth and paper, following ideas in modern magazines, or in LePage's New Craft Book, for a copy of which send 10 cents to LePage's Craft League, 695 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

LE PAGE'S GLUE



Safe Swabs

Physicians recommend Q-TIPS for cleansing baby's eyes, ears, nose and for many other uses. These swabs are tipped on both ends with boric-dipped twists of soft, sterilized cotton. No sharp points. Time saving. In dainty dustproof packages, 25c and 50c everywhere—or write

Dept. 22 Q-TIPS, Inc.
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Q-TIPS

BABY GAYS

STURDY LEGS

Stronger Ankles

For
YOUR
Youngster



For HEALTH'S Sake Roller Skate

Children should be encouraged in this wholesome, healthy sport. It builds strong lungs, stout, sturdy legs, and stronger ankles. Hal Roach's OUR GANG "Roller Skate for Health's Sake." It fortifies young and old—develops vital energy needed for success and happiness in life. But—choose QUALITY—the famous "Chicago" Rubber Tire Roller Skate, "Speed Without Noise." No harsh grating or metallic noises to disturb you or your neighbor. Give your children the best for health's sake and longer service. If your dealer can't supply you don't accept substitutes. order direct enclosing price.

Send for this free booklet. Tells how to roller skate correctly—races, games, etc. Of interest to children and adults alike.

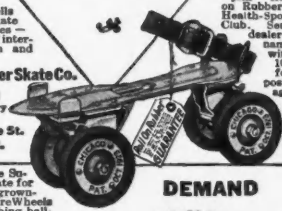
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No. 101—The Super Roller Skate for children and grown-ups. Rubber Tire Wheels—shock absorbing, ball-bearing, noiseless—out-wears steel 2-to-1. Price \$4
No. 101—Some prefer "Chicago" Double-Tread "Triple-Ware" Steel Wheels. Price . . . \$2.25

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"CHICAGO"
Rubber Tire Roller Skates
"Speed Without Noise"



Get this gold finish roller skate—Join "Roll on Rubber" Health-Sport Club. Send dealer's name with 10c for post-age

Good News



I will send you from California a pretty redwood sample box of most delicious natural candies made with raw sugar, honey, fruits and nuts. These include chocolates and bars. I am sure you and your mother, too, will be delighted. Send twenty five cents then watch for the postman.

Now write your name and address plainly.

LORA MERCER

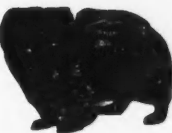
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Also dog remedies

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Great Neck, L. I.



SCOTTISH TERRIER

The ideal dog for children. Young Stock now ready.

Prices reasonable

LOGANBRAE KENNELS
Rutland, Vt.



Dear Miss Waldo:

I am sending you a picture of an Indian tepee belonging to my brother and me. We are sitting by it. It was on one of the large floats representing the Redmen lodge in the parade during the State Legion Convention held in Winona, August 5, 6, and 7.

In the background to the right of the tepee you can see the roof and fence of our rabbitry, where we keep our pet rabbits. We have six Polish Chinchillas and one black Chinchilla. I like the black one the



best. His name is Black Tom.

I read my magazine through as soon as it comes and enjoy it very much. I have been a subscriber since 1923.

Your constant reader,

ELAINE WILDGRUBE,
Winona, Minn.

Age 11.

THE FOREST

O! beautiful forest so silent and still,
Only the sound of the faraway mill,
The sound of breezes from the west,
The peeping of birds in their cozy nest,
The green grass below, the blue skies above,
The winding brook with its song of love!
And often I sit or lie down in ease
And listen to humming of busy bees,
And there, I say, can the forest hear
If I whisper something in its ear?
So when the breezes are far away,
To the forest these words I say:
What is it that makes you so pretty and fair?
It is the trees and flowers rare,
It is the birds that fly around,
It is the beasts that roam the ground,
It is the grass so green and tall,
That makes the beauty of it all.
I have just one more thing to say
Before I leave you, forest gay,
Who is it that made great and small?
It is God—He made them all.

MYRTLE JOLLIFFE,
New Haven, Conn.

SHORTY

I have a little beagle,
Shorty is his name.
He runs and barks at everything,
But I like him just the same.

SARA MAY MESSENGER,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Age 6.



Breakfast appetites respond to Malt-O-Meal. This delicious, wholesome cereal is flavored with caramel malt. Both children and older folks relish it. Endorsed by medical profession. Makes many tasty dishes.

A Cereal You'll Enjoy

May we send you large, free sample? Simply send us your name and address and grocer's name. Write plainly.

CAMPBELL CEREAL COMPANY
NORTHFIELD MINNESOTA

Satisfy children's
sugar-craving
normally with

MAPLEINE

For syrup...for flavoring

A CHILD'S craving for sugar is natural. Sugar supplies part of fuel and nourishment for play, and for growth. But illness may result from an oversupply, as every mother knows. Mapleine's delicate delicious flavor helps you satisfy this normal craving—within the bounds of proper quantity. Mapleine is a pure vegetable product.

Watch children's eyes sparkle when you announce Mapleine syrup with mush, boiled rice, rolls, French toast, muffins, etc. Or put two tablespoonfuls of sugar in a pint of milk with Mapleine to taste.

You can use Mapleine so many different ways. Nearly every grocer has it. A booklet with every bottle and Alice Bradley's "Mapleine Cookery" upon request.

Crescent Manufacturing Co.
Dept. 21 Seattle, Wn



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Every collector, young and old wants a copy of this standard work. It lists, describes, illustrates, and prices, used and unused, every stamp ever issued up to date of going to press.

The ideal Christmas gift for the young collector.

Price \$2.00. With thumb index \$2.50.
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BABY HIPPO'S JUNGLE JOURNEY

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Charming stories of strange animals.

Illustrated. **\$1.00**

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Based on 32 years of child study in the famed Calvert Day School in Baltimore, Calvert Courses, from Kindergarten to High School, effectively appeal to the child in terms he enjoys. You need no teaching experience to give them. A Calvert teacher in Baltimore directs and grades the work.

Calvert Courses bring modern methods to you no matter where you live. Missionaries, parents in diplomatic service, etc., find their children thoroughly prepared for our best preparatory schools in six years.

V. M. Hillyer, A.B., author of the new book, "A Child's Geography," is Headmaster.

These courses are moderately priced. Write for full information.

CALVERT SCHOOL
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Sleeping time is growing time

YOUR Baby! He must be snugly safe in comfortable sleep for health's sake. Simmons Cribs are scientifically built to insure this. They are washable, durable, adjustable, firm, noiseless, and come in many colors and designs. \$12.50 to \$40.00. Beautyrest Mattress to order.

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CRIBS**

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By Ethel and Frank Owen

Delightful tales of a fairyland childhood.

Illustrated. \$1.50

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62 Cortlandt St., New York

Cuticura Toilet Preparations

Delightfully fragrant, highly developed toilet accessories—a most reliable method of cleansing and beautifying the skin and hair.

25c. each everywhere—Samples free of "Cuticura," Dept. L, Malden, Mass.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have played in pictures ten years, starting when I was three. I would love to get acquainted with your readers, so I am trying to.

I have read your letters in my magazine and I think they are very interesting. Isn't "Child Life" a lovely magazine? I think there are no others to compare with it.

Now I'll tell you about myself. I have played in many pictures such as "Daddy Long Legs," "Pollyanna," "Through the Back Door," "A Boy of Flanders," "Mike," "The Midnight Alarm," "The Divine Right" and "Helen's Babies." I have always played the leading girl parts—never bits or comedies.

I went to Jackie Coogan's home twice last week to play and swim with him. I had lunch with Clara Bow at her home last Thursday and on Sunday I went to see Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.

Well, dear readers, I must say good-by.

Sincerely yours,

JEANNE CARPENTER,
Los Angeles, Calif.



Dear Miss Waldo:

I was born in California and my two brothers also. We stayed in California until I was six years of age and then my daddy, who was an army aviator, was ordered to France Field, Panama. There we lived on the Atlantic side, facing the beautiful waters of the Caribbean Sea. At any hour we could see ships passing into the Canal. We often watched the great boats go through the locks at Gatun, and saw flags of all nations on various boats.

As the weather is mild in Panama all year, we went in swimming every day—sometimes three or four times.

I enjoyed going through the Hindu and Chinese shops, which had in them interesting things from all over the world.

My brothers and I always enjoyed crossing from the Atlantic to Pacific side of the Isthmus, whether by train or boat, but my mother and daddy crossed by airplane.

Since we were ordered to San Antonio, Texas, my daddy lost his life in an airplane accident, and now the government has named its greatest and newest aviation field in his memory. It is called Randolph Field and it is fifteen miles from San Antonio.

We are making our home in San Antonio, and I will be in the fifth grade this fall.

I remain your sincere admirer,

HELENE E. RANDOLPH,
San Antonio, Texas.

Age 10

MY TRIP

Every winter we take a long trip. Two years ago we took a six weeks' cruise to the West Indies. This winter we went abroad.

We landed at Cannes, France, then went on (stopping at a few places) through Spain. In Seville we saw the bull fight. I don't believe I want to see another one. We also stopped to see some of my cousins living in Madrid. Later we went on to Paris, studying there for two weeks.

One of the most beautiful places that we saw was the Alhambra palace and its gardens. The gardens had many orange trees and fountains in them. The first trees were just in blossom.

Carcassonne in France was also very pretty. It is one of the largest fortresses in the world. There is a little village inside of it and fifty-four large towers around it. The walls were built in the fifth century.

I had a wonderful time on our trip, but it was nice to get home again.

SHIRLEY STEINMAN,
Lancaster, Pa.

Age 12

Increase Your Monthly Budget

MISS ETHEL A. VOORHEIS, Ohio, handles her subscriptions to Child Life almost entirely by telephone. She has built up a large subscription business by this method.

Being very busy in her home, Miss Voorhees, has only a limited amount of time in which to secure subscriptions to Child Life. The telephone method not only saves her own time, but also that of her customers. She anticipates a large Christmas business by working in November.

During November and December last year many of our "spare time workers" made from \$8.00 to \$60.00. You, too, can do this.

This is the easiest time of the year to secure subscriptions to Child Life. It makes an ideal Christmas gift. Try out our subscription work for the balance of this year. You will be delighted with the profits.

EARN CHRISTMAS EXTRAS IN YOUR SPARE TIME



Nan D. McCulloch, Secretary
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